

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-NINTH.

L O N D O N :

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OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER,
W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERRY. 1790.

THE
FORTY-NINTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
HOMER'S ILIAD.
BOOK XIII,—XXIV.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.

Vol. XLIX.

B

A R G U M E N T.

The fourth Battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcahous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K XIII.

WHEN now the Thunderer on the sea-beat coast
 Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
 He left them to the Fates, in bloody fray,
 To toil and struggle through the well-fought day;
 Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight 5
 Those eyes that shed insufferable light:
 To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
 And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
 And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
 Renown'd for justice and for length of days; 10
 Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
 Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
 No aid, he deems, to either host is given, 15
 While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.

Mean-time the * Monarch of the watery main
 Observ'd the Thunderer, nor observ'd in vain,
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below, 20
 He fate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;

Neptune.

Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,
 The crouded ships, and fable seas between.
 There, from the crystal chambers of the main 25
 Emerg'd, he fate; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
 At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
 Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forest shakes! earth trembled as he trod, 30 }
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
 And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
 Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
 Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands: 35
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
 Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies, 40
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
 Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the watery way;
 And heavy whales in aukward measures play: 45
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
 The parting waves before his courfers fly:
 The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
 Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave; 50 }
 Between where Tenedos the farges lave,
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:

There

There the great Ruler of the azure round
 Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand, 55
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
 Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
 'The Father of the floods pursues his way;
 Where, like a tempest darkening heaven around,
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground, 60
 Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
 Embattled roll'd as Hector rush'd along:
 To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
 The heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name, 65
 And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
 The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
 Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
 Such his loud voice, and such his manly mein; 70
 His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
 But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
 Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear; 75
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
 On other works though Troy with fury fall,
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
 There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'er-
 thrown,
 Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone. 80
 Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
 Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his fire.

If yet some heavenly Power your breast excite,
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
 Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain; 85
 And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain :

Then with his sceptre, that the deep controuls,
 He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls :
 Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
 Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
 Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
 Her quarry seen, impetuous at the fight
 Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
 Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky :
 Such, and so swift, the power of Ocean flew; 95
 The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Oïleus' active son
 Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon :

Some God, my friend, some God in human form
 Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm. 100
 Not Calchas this, the venerable seer ;
 Short as he turn'd, I saw the Power appear :
 I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod ;
 His own bright evidence reveals a God ;
 Ev'n now some energy divine I share, 105
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air !

With equal ardour (Telamon returns) .
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns :
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm. 110
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart ;
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart ;
 Singly,

Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.
Full of the God that uig'd their burning breast, 115
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inspir'd,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls: 120
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite; 125
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes: 130
Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim, 135
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd hands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands? 140
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;

Like frightened fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
 A prey to every savage of the wood :
 Shall these, so late who trembled at your name, 145
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?
 A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought ?
 The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault ?
 Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ;
 'The purchase infamy, and life the price ? 150
 'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame :
 Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
 Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
 Must you be cowards if your king's unjust ?
 Prevent this evil, and your country save : 155
 Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
 Think, and subdue ! on dastards dead to fame
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame :
 But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost ! 160
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose ;
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
 On endless infamy, on instant death,
 For lo ! the fated time, th' appointed shore ; 165
 Hark ! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar !
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall ;
 The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
 And listening armies catch the god-like fire. 170
 Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
 With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round :
 So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight ;

I L I A D, BOOK XIII.

Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes, 175
 The God of War had own'd a just surprize.
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields, 180
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
 And, level'd at the skies with pointing rays, 185
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy. 190
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
 Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
 From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds; 195
 At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
 Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the
 plain:

There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
 And all their falchions wave around his head:
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
 But with repeated shouts his army fires.

Trojans?

Trojans ! be firm ; this arm shall make your way 205
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.

For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms. 210

He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast ;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deiphobus ; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide) 215
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide ;
But pierc'd not through : unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear : 220
The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe :
Then to the ships with furling speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows, 225
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred, 230
The youth had dwelt ; remote from war's alarms,
And blest'd in bright Medecaste's arms :
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)

To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came, 235
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame :
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
 He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear :
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear. 240
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground :
 So falls the youth ; his arms the fall resound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead, 245
 From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled :
 He saw, and shunn'd the death ; the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphinachus's heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line ;
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine ! 250
 Prostrate he falls ; his clanging arms resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung ; 255
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung ;
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd, he yields ; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain. 260
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
 Deplor'd Amphinachus, sad object ! lies ;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.

As two grim lions bear across the lawn, 265
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
 In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood ;
 So these the chief : great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head : 270
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The God of Ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his * grandson slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands, 275
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete ;
 His pensive brow the generous care express
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast, 280
 Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore ;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent ;
 That office paid, he issued from his tent,
 Fierce for the fight ; to whom the God begun, 285
 In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies :

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost ? 290

To whom the king : On Greece no blame be thrown,
 Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains.

* Amphinachus.

'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom, 295
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
On arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest: 300

Thus he, and thus the God, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay, 305
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain: 310
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns:
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand, 315
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars; 320
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him,

Him near his tent, Meriones attends; 325
 Whom thus he questions : Ever best of friends!
 O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field ?
 On some important message art thou bound,
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound ? 330
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince ! (Meriones replies) whose care
 Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war ;
 This speaks my grief ; this headless lance I wield ; 335
 The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan : Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons ; those my tent can give ;
 Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all)
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall. 340
 Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain ;
 And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd, 345
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.

Nor vain (said Merion) are our martial toils ;
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
 But those my ship contains ; whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war. 350
 What need I more ? if any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this, Idomeneus : The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might ;
 And

And were some ambush for the foes design'd, 355
 Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
 In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confest,
 No force, no firmness, 'the pale coward shows;
 He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes; 360
 A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
 Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
 Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
 With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair, }
 And looks a bloodless image of despair! 365 }
 Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
 Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
 Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
 And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
 If aught disturb the tenour of his breast, 370
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
 And every art of dangerous war thy own.
 By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all before; 375
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
 T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
 Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
 Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take, 380
 And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
 And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
 So Mars armipotent invades the plain
 ('The wide destroyer of the race of man).

Terrour, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
 Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
 The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms 390
 Of warring Phlegians, and Ephyrian arms;
 Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
 To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
 So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain. 395
 Then first spake Meion: Shall we join the right,
 Or combat in the centre of the fight?
 Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
 Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
 Not in the centre (Idomen reply'd): 400
 Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
 Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,
 And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
 Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. 405
 These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
 Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
 And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
 Great must he be, of more than human birth, 410
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
 Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground:
 In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
 Excell'd alone in swiftnefs in the course. 415
 Then

Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Meïon to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld 420
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combatounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain; 425
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, **hope**, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war, 430
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dine was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave. 435

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The Sire of earth and heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers, 440
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Wair'd on the King of Heaven with stern disdain, }
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train. }
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race, 445
Alike divine, and heaven their native place;

But Jove the greater ; first-born of the skies,
 And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
 For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
 Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid. 450
 These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
 In War and Discord's adamant chain,
 Indissolubly strong ; the fatal tye
 Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey, 455
 The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
 First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
 Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain !
 Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
 From high Cabesus' distant walls he came ; 460
 Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
 And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
 The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd ;
 The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.
 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride, 465
 The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
 Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found ;
 Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound :
 His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell :
 His arms refounded as the boaster fell. 470

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ;
 And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped !
 Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
 And such the contract of the Phrygian king !
 Our offers now, illustrious prince ! receive ; 475
 For such an aid what will not Argos give ?

To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
 And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
 Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ; 480
 There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
 He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.

This Aſius view'd, unable to contain,
 Before his chariot warring on the plain ;
 (His crouded courſers, to his ſquire conſign'd, 485
 Impatient panted on his neck behind)
 To vengeance riſing with a ſudden ſpring,
 He hop'd the conqueſt of the Cretan king.
 The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
 Full on his throat diſcharg'd the forceful ſpear. 490
 Beneath the chin the point was ſeen to glide,
 And glitter'd, extant at the farther ſide.
 As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine, fit maſt for ſome great admiral,
 Groans to the oſt-heav'd ax, with many a wound, 495
 Then ſpreads a length of ruin o'er the ground :
 So ſunk proud Aſius in that dreadful day,
 And ſtretch'd before his much-lov'd courſers lay.
 He grinds the duſt diſtain'd with ſtreaming gore,
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the ſhore, 500
 Depriv'd of motion, ſtiff with ſtupid fear,
 Stands all aghaſt his trembling charioteer,
 Nor ſhuns the foe, nor turns the ſteeds away,
 But falls tranſfix'd, an unrefiſting prey :
 Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath 505
 The ſtately car, and labours out his breath.

Thus Afus' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.

Stabb'd at the fight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly. 510
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
'Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd) 515
He lay collected in defensive shade;
O'er his safe head the javelin idly hung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the spear the vigorous arm confest,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast: 520
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended (the proud Trojan cries)
Nor unreveng'd, lamented Afus lies:
For thee though hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
'Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore 530
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom heaven and he shall doom 535
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.

He

He sees Alcathous in the front aspire :
 Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire :
 His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
 Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care ; 540
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
 With beauty, sense, and every work of art :
 He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
 The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
 By Neptune now the hapless hero dies, 545
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
 And fetters every limb : yet, bent to meet
 His fate, he stands ; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
 Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
 Before the ponderous stroke his corselet yields, 550
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound :
 His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound, }
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound : }
 Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
 Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain ;
 Behold, Deiphobus ! nor vaunt in vain :
 See ! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend, 560
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
 Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
 From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came : 565
 Deucalion, blameless prince ! was Minos' heir ;
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter :

O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,
 And thence my ships transport me through the main :
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine, 570
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard ; uncertain, or to meet
 Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete ;
 Or seek auxiliar force : at length decreed
 To call some hero to partake the deed, 575
 Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought :
 For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he fought ;
 Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
 And sees superiour posts in meaner hands.
 To him, ambitious of so great an aid, 580
 The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said :

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
 If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
 Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend !
 Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend. 585
 Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
 One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
 This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;
 Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd 590
 To tender pity all his manly mind ;
 'Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight :
 The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
 As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
 Arm'd with wild terrours, and to slaughter bred, 595
 When the loud rusticks rise, and shout from far,
 Attends the tumult, and expects the war ;

O'er

O'er his bent back the bristly honours rise,
 Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes;
 His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage, 600
 But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
 So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
 And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
 Antilochus, Deipyrus, were near,
 The youthful offspring of the God of war, 605
 Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
 To these the warrior sent his voice around:
 Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
 Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
 Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold; 610
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
 Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
 The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke; and all as with one soul obey'd;
 Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade 615
 Around the chief. Æneas too demands
 Th' assisting forces of his native lands:
 Paris, Deiphobus, Ajenor join;
 (Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
 In order follow all th' embodied train; 620
 Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
 Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
 Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
 With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
 To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads,
 So joys Æneas, as his native band
 Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose ;
 On every side the steely circle grows ;
 Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
 And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing. 631
 Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
 There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
 Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
 And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
 The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
 The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
 Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
 But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke, 640
 The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
 It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 And roll'd the smoaking entrails to the ground.
 Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
 And furious grasps the bloody dust in death. 645
 The victor from his breast the weapon tears ;
 (His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.)
 Though now unfit an active war to wage,
 Heavy with cumberous arms, stiff with cold age,
 His listless limbs unable for the course ; 650
 In standing fight he yet maintains his force :
 Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
 His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.
 Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
 And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast : 655
 The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
 And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young :

The

The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall; 660
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod fate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray. 665
Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain; 670
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.

Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends; 675
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift couriers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and heaven and earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head, 685
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;

His

His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;
 And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
 Antilochus, as Thoon turn'd him round, 690
 Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound :
 The hollow vein that to the neck extends
 Along the chine, his eager javelin rends :
 Supine he falls, and to his social train
 Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain. 695
 Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away ;
 His time observ'd ; for, clos'd by foes around,
 On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
 His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains, 700
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
 (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
 This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
 Fac'd every foe, and every danger fought ; 705
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
 Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
 Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And meditates the distant enemy.
 The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near, 710
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,
 Fierce in his front : but Neptune wards the blow,
 And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood ;
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood. 715
 Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew ;
 But Meïon's spear o'ertook him as he flew,

Deep

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
 Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }
 Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground, 720 }
 Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
 While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side,
 His bulk enormous on the field displays;
 His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
 The spear, the conqueror from his body drew, 725
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
 Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid:
 King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
 And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
 'The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng: 730
 There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
 For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
 Raging with grief, great Menelaus burns,
 And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
 That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw; 735
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
 Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
 As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
 (The winds collected at each open door) 740
 While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
 ground:
 So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
 Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe, 745
 Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
 And

And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand
 Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand.
 But good Agenor gently from the wound
 The spear solicits, and the bandage bound; 750
 A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
 At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold! Pisander, urg'd by Fate's decree,
 Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
 Great Menelaus! to enhance thy fame; 755
 High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
 First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
 Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
 Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field. 760
 Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
 Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
 Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.

His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield: 765
 His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
 Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade);
 This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
 The plume dropt nodding to the plain below, 770
 Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
 Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
 The crashing bones before its force gave way;
 In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
 Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore, 775
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.

The

The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said:

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war! 780

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princess rapt transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear, of Jove.

The violated rites, the ravish'd dame, 785

Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.

O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man! supremely wise! 790

If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,

A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?

The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy; 795

Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;

The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,

Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.

But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight

In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight. 800

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)

The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:

Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,

And the bold son of Pylæmenes flew,

Harpalion had through Asia travel'd far, 805

Following his martial father to the war;

Through

Through filial love he left his native shore,
 Never, ah never, to behold it more!
 His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
 Against the target of the Spartan king; 810
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
 Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
 The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends, 815
 And, diving down, the swelling bladder rends:
 Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.
 The pensive father, father now no more!
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
 And unavailing tears profusely shed; 825
 And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
 With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
 And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race; 830
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
 A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
 For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
 Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town; 835
 'Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.

Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow difeafe at home:
He climb'd his vefel, prodigal of breath,
And chofe the certain, glorious path to death. 840
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
'The foul came iffuing at the narrow vent;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop ufelefs on the ground,
And everlafting darknefs fhades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield 845
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With fuch a tide fuperior virtue fway'd,
And he* that fhakes the folid earth, gave aid. 850
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where firft the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval ftation where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides, 855
Whofe humble barrier fcarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horfe engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
'There join'd, the whole Bæotian ftrength remains,
The proud Ionians with their fweeping trains, 860
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery courfe.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Meneftheus at their head.
Meges the ftrong the Epeian bands control'd, 865
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;

* Neptune.

The

The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
 And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
 This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
 Iphiclus' son: and that (Oileus) thine: 870
 (Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
 He dwelt far distant from his native place,
 By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
 Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain.)
 These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ 875
 Mixt with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
 Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
 Force the bright plowshare through the fallow foil, 880
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
 And trace large furrows with the shining share;
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow.
 A train of heroes follow'd through the field, 885
 Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield;
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
 Tir'd with incessant slaughters of the fight.
 No following troops his brave associate grace:
 In close engagement an unpractis'd race, 890
 The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
 Or whirl the founding pebble from the sling;
 Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound, 895
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.

Thus

Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
 'Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
 Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
 Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky, 900
 The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
 Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
 And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
 But sage Polydames, discreetly brave, 905
 Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:

Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
 Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
 To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
 And every art of glorious war thy own; 910
 But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
 How widely differs this from warring well?
 Content with what the bounteous Gods have given,
 Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of Heaven.
 To some the powers of bloody war belong, 915
 To some, sweet musick, and the charm of song;
 To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
 A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
 Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
 And towns and empires for their safety bless. 920
 If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
 Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best:
 See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
 And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
 Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall, 925
 How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall?

What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain?
 And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?
 Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
 Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things. 930
 Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)
 To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
 Contented with the conquest of the day.
 I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone, 935
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
 Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground, }
 Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.
 To guard this post (he cried) thy art employ,
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day. 945

This said; the towering chief prepares to go,
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow, }
 And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise. 950
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
 Dymas, nor Helenus did fear, 955
 Nor Ajax' son, nor Aias self appear.

For

For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
 Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away. 960

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
 The graceful Paris, whom, with fury mov'd,
 Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd :

Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind, 965
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
 Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
 The god-like father, and th' intrepid son?
 The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
 And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late? 970
 Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
 Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
 Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
 And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus. My brother and my friend, 975
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
 In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
 Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
 But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
 I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow. 980
 The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
 Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer.
 Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
 Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires: 985
 This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:

What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
 Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
 But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
 To combat; strength is of the Gods alone. 990

These words the hero's angry mind assuage :
 Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
 Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood.
 Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood.
 Palmus, with Polypætès the divine, 995
 And two bold brothers of Híppotion's line :
 (Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
 The former day ; the next engag'd in war.)
 As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
 That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings, 1000
 Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps ;
 Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;
 Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;
 The waves behind impel the waves before,
 Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the }
 shore : 1005 }

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
 Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
 Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
 The brazen arms reflect a beamy light :
 Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd, 1010
 Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
 Before him flaming, his enormous shield
 Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field :
 His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;
 His piercing eyes through all the battle stray, 1015
 And,

And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his look ;
Whole nations fear'd ; but not an Argive thook.

The towering Ajax, with an ample stride, 1029
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd :

Hector ! come on, thy empty threats forbear :
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear :
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet : the Greeks have hands, and hearts.

Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoaking on the ground ; 1030
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round,
The time shall come, when, chac'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ; 1035
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, 1040
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies :
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side :
They ceas'd ; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd :

From whence this menace, this insulting strain ?
Enormous boaster ; doom'd to vaunt in vain. 1045

So may the Gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name. 1050
And thou, imperious ! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate :
That giant corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore.
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along. 1055
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host : the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain ;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove. 1060

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the Girdle of Venus.

NESTOR, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the encreasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XIV.

BUT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
 Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
 His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend :
 Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend :

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say, 5
 What mixt events attend this mighty day ?
 Hark ! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
 And now come full, and thicken to the fleet !
 Here, with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
 Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare, 10
 Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore ;
 While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said : and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
 (His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field ;
 (That day, the son his father's buckler bore) 15
 Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
 Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
 His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew ;
 Dire difarray ! the tumult of the fight,
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight. 20
 As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps ;

While

While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
 Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
 The mass of waters will no wind obey ; 25
 Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
 While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
 Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
 To join the host, or to the general haste ;
 Debating long, he fixes on the last : 30
 Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms ;
 The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;
 The gleaming faulchions flash, the javelins fly ;
 Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet, 35
 By tardy steps ascending from the fleet :
 The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
 And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
 (Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
 In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand : 40
 Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
 At length ; beside the margin of the main,
 Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor :
 Who landed first lay highest on the shore.)
 Supported on their spears, they took their way, 45
 Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
 Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
 Whom thus the general of the host address :
 O grace and glory of th' Achaian name !
 What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame ? 50
 Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
 Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd ?

Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
 On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
 Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage 55
 Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
 And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
 In every Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then : So Fate has will'd ;
 And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd. 60
 Not he that thunders from th' aerial bower,
 Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
 The wall, our late inviolable bound,
 And best defence, lies smoaking on the ground :
 Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend, 65
 And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heaven ascend.
 On speedy measures then employ your thought,
 In such distress. If counsel profit aught ;
 Arms cannot much : though Mars our souls excite ;
 These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight. 70

To him the monarch : That our army bends,
 That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
 And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
 And best defence, lies smoaking in the dust :
 All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear, 75
 Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
 Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
 And all his favour, all his aid confess ;
 Now Heaven, averse, our hands from battle ties,
 And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies. 80
 Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
 And launch what ships lie nearest to the main ;

Leave

Leave these at anchor till the coming night :
 Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
 Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. 85
 Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
 Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes :
 What shameful words (unkingly as thou art) 90
 Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart.
 Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
 And thou the shame of any host but ours!
 A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight : 95
 Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
 And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain ?
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain ?
 In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear, 100
 Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
 To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?
 And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
 The bandied legions of all Greece obey ? 105
 Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
 While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight ?
 What more could Troy ? What yet their fate denies,
 Thou giv'st the foe : all Greece becomes their prize.
 No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view, 110
 Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue ;
 But thy ships flying, with despair shall see ;
 And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy

Thy just reproofs (Atrides calm replies)
 Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise. 115
 Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
 I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast.
 Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
 Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.
 Tydides cut him short, and thus began : 120
 Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
 Who boldly gives it ; and what he shall say,
 Young though he be, disdain not to obey :
 A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
 May speak to councils and assembled kings. 125
 Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
 Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall ;
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall ;
 With three bold sons was generous Prothous blest, 130
 Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess ;
 Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
 The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
 From him, my Sire. From Calydon expell'd,
 He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd ; 135
 The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
 He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd ;
 There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
 And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field. 140
 Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame !
 Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
 Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
 Attend ; and in the son, respect the fire :

Though

Though fore of battle, though with wounds oppress,
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
 Advance the glory which he cannot share,
 Though not partaker, witness of the war.
 But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
 Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight, 150
 Safe let us stand, and from the tumult far,
 Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not . the listening kings obey,
 Slow moving on , Atrides leads the way.
 The God of Ocean (to assuage their rage) 155
 Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
 Prest in his own, the general's hand he took,
 And thus the venerable hero spoke .

Atrides, lo ! with what disdainful eye
 Achilles sees his country's forces fly , 160
 Blind impious man ! whose anger is his guide,
 Who glories in unutterable pride.
 So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
 The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame !
 But heaven forsakes not thee : o'er yonder sands 165
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
 Fly diverse ; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
 Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
 Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
 To hide their ignominious heads in Troy. 170

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew ;
 And sent his voice before him as he flew,
 Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
 When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field ;
 Such

Such was the voice, and such the thundering found
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below; 180
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try, 185
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?

At length she trusts her power, resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms. 190

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares.
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold: 195
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes, and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, pertum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through heaven, through earth, and all th' ærial way;
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;

Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd, 205

Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.

Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,

That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd :

Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,

A golden zone her swelling bosom bound. 210

Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,

Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.

Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white

Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.

Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace. 215

Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,

Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,

And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.

How long (to Venus thus apart she cried)

Shall human strife celestial minds divide ? 220

Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,

And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy ?

Let Heaven's dread empress (Cytherea said)

Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.

Then grant me (said the Queen) those conquering charms,

That power, which mortals and immortals warms,

That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,

And burns the sons of Heaven with sacred fires !

For lo I haste to those remote abodes,

Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods !) 230

Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,

On the last limits of the land and deep.

In their kind arms my tender years were past ;

What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,

Of upper heaven to Jove resign'd the reign, 235
 Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
 For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
 What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
 If I compose those fatal feuds again; 240
 Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
 And what my youth has ow'd, repay their rage?

She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love
 Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:
 And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd, 245
 With various skill, and high embroidery grac'd.
 In this was every art, and every charm,
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still reviving fire, 250
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
 Thus, on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid;
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
 With smile she took the charm; and smiling prest 255
 The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
 Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
 O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
 O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore, 260
 O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
 Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }

Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began)
 Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man ;
 If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
 O Power of Slumbers ! hear, and favour still :
 Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes, 270
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
 A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
 With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine ;
 The work of Vulcan ; to indulge thy ease,
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please. 275
 Imperial Dame (the balmy power replies)
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !
 O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain ;
 The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign, }
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. 280 }
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
 Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep ?
 Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand :
 What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain, 285
 His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
 When lo ! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
 And drive the hero to the Coan shore ;
 Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
 With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods ; 290
 Me chief he fought, and from the realms on high
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
 (The friend of earth and heaven) her wings display'd ;
 Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame, 295
 Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable Dame.

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of Heaven replies,
 And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
 Like great Alcides, has all-conquering son? 300
 Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
 For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithae the divine.

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods 305
 That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
 Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
 Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell; 310
 That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithae the divine.

The queen assents; and from th' infernal bowers
 Invokes the fable subterranean Powers,
 And those who rule th' inviolable floods, 315
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos smoky isle,
 They wing their way, and Imbrius' sea-beat soil,
 Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
 And light on Lefkos, on the point of Ide 320
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills);
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise 325
 To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;

Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of Night.
 (Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
 But call'd Cymidias by the race of earth). 330

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
 The God, whose lightning sets the heavens on fire,
 Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms, 335
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke:

Why comes my goddess from th' ætherial sky,
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh? 340

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
 Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
 The reverend Ocean and grey Tethys reign,
 On the last limits of the land and main.
 I visit these, to whose indulgent cares 345

I owe the nursing of my tender years;
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
 Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
 The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
 O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way, 350
 Wait under Ida: of thy superior power
 To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day; 355
 But eager love denies the least delay.

Let softer cares the present hour employ,
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
 Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love: 360
 Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
 Whence rose Perithous like the Gods in fame.
 Not when fair Danae felt the shower of gold
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame, 365
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
 Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace. * 370
 Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke: the Goddess with the charming eyes
 Glows with celestial red, and thus replies.
 Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height 375
 Expos'd to mortal and immortal fight;
 Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
 The sport of heaven, and fable of the sky.
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
 Or mix among the senate of the Gods? 380
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
 All heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
 If such thy will, to that recess retire, 385
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd : and, smiling with superior love,
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove :
 Not god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold , 390
 Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
 And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
 His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
 Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours 395
 Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers :
 Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
 And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
 And flamy crocus made the mountain glow. 400
 There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
 Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air ;
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
 Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
 At length, with Love and Sleep's soft power oppress'd,
 The panting Thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings ;
 Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
 And thus with gentle words address'd the God : 410

Now, Neptune ! now th' important hour employ,
 To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy :
 While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
 The golden vision round his sacred head ;
 For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties, 415
 Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus

Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flow,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war, 420
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires, 425
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms: 430
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous target be wielded by the strong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay: 435
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train. 440
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way;
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes, 445
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.

Clad in his might, th' Earth-shaking Power appears ;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God : 450
And lo ! the God and wondrous man appear :
The seas stern Ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks : and form'd a watery wall
Around the ships, seas hanging o'er the shores, 455
Both armies join : Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound ;
Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall ;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour .
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding heaven.
The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force, 465
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course ;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew : 470
But scap'd not Ajax , his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,
(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,

Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground. 480
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise ;
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand, 485
And own the terrours of th' Almighty hand !
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;
His slacken'd hand defects the lance it bore ;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread ;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head ; 490
His load of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field, a dead, and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain ;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain :
All spring to seize him, storms of arrows fly ; 495
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round ;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line, 500
And each bold leader of the Lycian band ;
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear ;
His foaming courfers, swifter than the wind, 505
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When

When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd side,
 Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
 With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
 Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground, 510
 Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
 Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld, 515
 With double fury each invades the field.
 Oilcan Ajax first his javelin sped,
 Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
 (Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
 Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore) 520
 Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
 An arduous battle rose around the dead;
 By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near, 525
 And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
 The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
 Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
 And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield: 530
 From this unerring hand there flies no dart
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
 Prompt on that spear to which thou o'er'st thy fall,
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.

As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel :
 The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death ;
 But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath : 540
 Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
 Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain : 545
 The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
 (The towering Ajax loud insulting cries) 550
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
 A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain ?
 Mark well his port ! his figure and his face
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race ;
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
 Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
 The bleeding youth : Troy sadden'd at the view.
 But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause ;
 As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws, 560
 He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
 Proud Argives ! destin'd by our arms to fall ;
 Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
 Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath, 565
 A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.

Not

Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most; 570
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and thuns superior force.

But young Ilioneus receiv'd the fear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train 575
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain):

Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and huil'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain! 580

Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd, and as aloft he shook 585
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:

'Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such, as the house of Promachus must know; 590
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:

Aghast

Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine! 600

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax, on th' enfanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætès and Prothoon bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead. 610
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor, fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son, 615
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chace.

THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The fifth Battle, at the ships; and the Acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K X V.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground :
 Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie ;
 Fear on their cheek and horror in their eye.
 Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love, 5
 On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove :
 Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
 There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue ;
 These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain ;
 And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main. 10
 Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
 (His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
 Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
 His senses wandering to the verge of death.
 The God beheld him with a pitying look, 15
 And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke :

O thou, still adverse to th' Eternal Will,
 For ever studious in promoting ill !
 Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
 And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the field. 20
 Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles ! withstand
 Our power immense, and brave th' almighty hand ?

Haft thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
 From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
 I hung thee trembling in a golden chain ; 25
 And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain ?
 Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
 Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
 For god-like Hercules these deeds were done,
 Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son : 30
 When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boëas tost
 The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
 Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
 And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
 Hear this, remember, and our fury dread, 35
 Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head ;
 Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
 Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The Thunderer spoke : imperial Juno mourn'd,
 And, trembling, these submissive words return'd : 40
 By every oath that Powers immortal ties,
 The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies ;
 By thy black waves, tremendous Styx ! that flow
 'Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below ;
 By the dread honours of thy sacred head, 45
 And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed !
 Not by my arts the Ruler of the Main
 Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain :
 By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
 'To help his Greeks ; he fought, and disobey'd : 50
 Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
 And taught submission to the Sire of Heaven.

'Think 'st

Think'ſt thou with me? fair Empreſs of the Skies!
 (Th' immortal Father with a ſmile replies!)
 Then ſoon the haughty Sea-god ſhall obey, 55
 Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
 If truth inſpires thy tongue, proclaim our will
 To yon bright ſynod on th' Olympian hill;
 Our high decree let various Iris know,
 And call the God that bears the ſilver bow. 60
 Let her deſcend, and from th' embattled plain
 Command the Sea-god to his watery reign:
 While Phœbus haſtes, great Hector to prepare
 To riſe afreſh, and once more wake the war;
 His labouring boſom re-inſpires with breath, 65
 And calls his ſenſes from the verge of death.
 Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles fleet,
 Shall fall by thouſands at the hero's feet.
 He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
 Shall ſend Patroclus, but ſhall ſend in vain. 70
 What youths he ſlaughters under Ilion's walls!
 Ev'n my lov'd ſon, divine Saipeton, falls!
 Vanquiſh'd at laſt by Hector's lance he lies,
 Then, nor till then, ſhall great Achilles riſe: }
 And lo! that inſtant god-like Hector dies. 75 }
 From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
 Pallas aſſiſts, and lofty Ilion burns:
 Not till that day ſhall Jove relax his rage,
 Nor one of all the heavenly hoſt engage
 In aid of Greece. The promiſe of a God 80
 I gave, and ſeal'd it with th' almighty nod,
 Achilles' glory to the ſtars to raiſe;
 Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
 Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to heaven. 85
 As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
 In thought a length of lands he trod before,
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
 Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space :
 So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes, 90
 If thought of man can match the speed of Gods,
 'There sat the Powers in awful synod plac'd,
 They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
 'Through all the brazen dome : with goblets crown'd
 They hail her queen ; the nectar streams around. 95
 Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
 And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul ?

To whom the White-arm'd Goddess thus replies :
 Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies,
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfill, 100
 Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
 Go thou, the feasts of heaven attend thy call ;
 Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall ;
 But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
 Such stern decrees, such threat'ned woes to come, 105
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,
 And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The Goddess said, and fullen took her place ;
 Black horror sadden'd each celestial face.
 To see the gathering grudge in every breast, 110
 Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express ;
 While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
 Sat stedfast care, and lowering discontent.

Thus

Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye Powers above !
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove : 115
Supreme he sits : and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey :
Fierce in the majesty of power controuls ;
Shakes all the thrones of heaven, and bends the poles.
Submits, Immortals ! all he wills, obey ; 120
And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,
But dast not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;
'Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own. 125

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his recoiling breast, and fierce begun :
Thus then, Immortals ! thus shall Mars obey ;
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way :
Descending first to yon forbidden plain, 130
'The God of battles dares avenge the slain ;
Dares, though the thunder burning o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid couriers for the fight : 135
Then, grim in arms, with lasty vengeance flies ;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heaven ;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode, 140
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantick Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear ;

Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said : 145

By what wild passion, furious ! art thou tost ?
Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thunderer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain ?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heaven ?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage ;
The skies would yield an ample scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state, 155
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call ;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall,
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die ?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne ; 160
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
Go wait the Thunderer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
On yon' tall summit of the fountfull Ide : 165
There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat : the God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came 170
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game) ;
There sat th' Eternal ; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.

Veil'd

Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
 With clouds of gold and purple circled round : 175
 Well-pleas'd the Thunderer saw their earnest care,
 And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air ;
 Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
 Commands the Goddesses of the showery bow :

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain 180
 Report to yon mad Tyrant of the Main.
 Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
 Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
 If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
 Our elder birthright, and superior sway. 185
 How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
 If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
 Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
 And is there equal to the Lord of Heaven?

Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddesses wing'd her flight
 To faced Ilion from th' Idæan height.
 Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
 Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
 So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
 And to blue Neptune thus the Goddesses calls : 195

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
 In me behold the messenger of Jove :
 He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
 To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
 This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh 200
 His elder birthright, and superior sway.
 How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
 If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?

Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is given ?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heaven ? 205

What means the haughty Sovereign of the Skies
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high,
No vassal God, nor of his train, am I.

Three brother Deities from Saturn came, 210
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame :
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know ;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below ;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain , 215
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep :
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie ;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky ?
Far in the distant clouds let him control, 220
And awe the younger brothers of the pole ;
There to his children his commands be given,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of Floods !
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods ? 225
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent ;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heaven.
Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd) 230
When ministers are blest with prudent mind :
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.

Not

Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same. 235
If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the Queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train 240
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood. 245
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of Light:

Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whose earthquakes rock the world;
Desists at length his rebel war to wage, 250
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, heaven's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell. 255
Well was the crime and well the vengeance spar'd;
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care, 260
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships, and Hellespont again:

Then

Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The God-head
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd. [said ;

Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies ;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.

There Hector seated by the stream he fees, 270
His sense returning with the coming breeze ;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rife ;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes ;
Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.

To whom the God who gives the golden day : 275

Why sits great Hector from the field so far ?

What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war ?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight :
What blest Immortal, with commanding breath, 280
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?

Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gon'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below ? 285

Ev'n yet, methinks, the ghiding ghosts I spy,
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him Apollo : Be no more dismay'd ;
See, and be strong ! the Thunderer sends thee aid.
Behold ! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ, 290
Phœbus, propitious still to thee, and Troy.

Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse :

Ev'n

Ev'n I will make thy fiery courfers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the fea. 295

Thus to bold Hector fpoke the fon of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.

As when the pamper'd fteed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ftall, and pours along the ground;
With ample ftrokes he rushes to the flood, 300

To bathe his fides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head now freed, he toffes to the fkyes;

His mane difhevel'd o'er his foulders flies:
He fnufts the females in the well-known plain,
And fprings, exulting, to his fields again: 305

Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hofts purfue.

As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage fecure they lie 310

Clofe in the rock (not fated yet to die);

When lo! a lion fhots acrofs the way!

They fly: at once the chacers and the prey.

So Greece, that late in conquering troops purfued,
And mark'd their progreff through the ranks in blood,

Soon as they fee the furious chief appear,

Forget to vanquifh, and confent to fear.

Thoas with grief obferv'd his dreadful courfe,

Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's diftant flight, 320

And bold to combat in the ftanding fight;

Nor more in councils fam'd for folid fenfe,

Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.

Gods!

Gods ! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invade ?
 Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades ! 325
 We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd :
 What God restores him to the frighted field ;
 And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again ?
 He comes not, Jove ! without thy powerful will ; 330
 Lo ! still he lives, pursues and conquers still !
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand :
 The Greeks' main body to the fleet command ;
 But let the few whom briskest spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm. 335
 Thus point your arms ; and when such foes appear,
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
 Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.

Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command, 340
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges : these the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend. 345
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came towering to the war.
 Phœbus himself the rushing battle led ;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head :
 High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield 350
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field ;
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.

The

The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies. 355
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield, 360
Sat doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes every Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd. 365
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear, 370
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps. the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcefilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend, and sam'd compeer. 375
Medon and Iafus, Æneas sped;
'This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oileus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawless love: from home expell'd, 380
A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.

Mecyftes

Mecyftes next, Polydamas o'erthrew ;
 And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor flew. 385
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
 Pierc'd through the ſhoulder as he baſely flies.
 Polites' arm laid Echiſus on the plain ;
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors ſpoil the ſlain.
 The Greeks diſmay'd, confus'd, diſperſe or fall, 390
 Some ſeek the trench, ſome ſkulk behind the wall.
 While theſe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
 And o'er the ſlaughter ſtalks gigantic Death.
 On ruſh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night ;
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight, 395
 Points to the fleet : For, by the Gods, who flies,
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies ;
 No weeping ſiſter his cold eye ſhall cloſe,
 No friendly hand his funeral pyre compoſe.
 Who ſtops to plunder at this ſignal hour, 400
 The birds ſhall tear him, and the dogs devour.

Furious he ſaid ; the ſmarting ſcourge reſounds ;
 The courſers fly ; the ſmoking chariot bounds :
 The hoſts ruſh on ; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore ;
 The horſes thunder, Earth and Ocean roar ! 405
 Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
 Puſh'd at the bank : down ſunk th' enormous mound :
 Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay ;
 A ſudden road ! a long and ample way.
 O'er the dread ſoffe (a late-impervious ſpace) 410
 Now ſteeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous paſs.
 The wondering crouds the downward level trod ;
 Before them flam'd the ſhield, and march'd the God.

Then

Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall. 415
Easy, as when ashore the infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls; 420
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the Powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands. 425
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold, 430
We paid the fattest firlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'ft our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
'This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name. 435

Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament:
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies, 440
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:

Thus

Thus loudly roaring, and, o'er-powering all,
 Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall; 445
 Legions on legions from each side arise :
 Thick sound the keels , the storm of arrows flies,
 Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
 These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd, 450
 And labouring armies round the works engag'd ;
 Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
 The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
 He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
 And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind. 455
 But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
 Victorious Troy ; then, starting from his seat,
 With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
 Though yet thy state requires redress (he cries) 460
 Depart I must : what horrors strike my eyes !
 Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
 A mournful witness of this scene of woe .
 I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
 To rise in arms, and shine again in war. 465
 Perhaps some favouring God his soul may bend ;
 The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.

He spoke ; and speaking, swifter than the wind
 Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
 Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain, 470
 But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain !
 Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
 Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.

As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part; 475
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line :
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and god-like Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend ;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend ; 485
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod ;
'That fix'd as Fate, this acted by a God.
'The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
'The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand ;
But pierc'd by Telemon's huge lance expires ; 490
'Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
Oh ! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race !
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space : 495
Lo ! where the son of royal Clytius lies ;
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies !
This said, his eager javelin fought the foe :
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown ; 500
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron :
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord ;

In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
 Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd. 505
 From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
 And lies a lifeless load along the land.
 With anguish Ajax views the piercing fight,
 And thus inflames his brother to the fight :
 'Teucer, behold ! extended on the shore 510
 Our friend, our lov'd companion ! now no more !
 Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
 To fight our wars, he left his native air.
 This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe ;
 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe. 515
 Where are those darts on which the Fates attend ?
 And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend ?
 Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,
 Before the chief his ample bow display'd ;
 The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung : 520
 Then his'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
 Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
 (To thee, Polydamas ! an honour'd name)
 Drove through the thickest of th' embattled plains
 The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins. 525
 As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
 The pointed death arrests him from behind.
 Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies ;
 In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
 Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far, 530
 The headlong courfers spurn his empty car ;
 Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
 And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand ;

Then

Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe ;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow. 535

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws ;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan ! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then : 540

Th' all-wise Disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands ;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two ; 545
Down dropp'd the bow : the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.

Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries,
Some God prevents our destin'd enterprize ;
Some God, propitious to the Trojan foe, 550
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since Heaven commands it (Ajax made reply)
Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by, 555
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield ;
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.

Fierce as they are, by long successes vain, 560
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood . their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more : 'tis ours to fight.

Then Tencor laid his faithlefs bow afide ;
 The four-fold buckler o'er his foulders ty'd ; 565
 On his brave head a crefted helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horfe-hair formidably grac'd ;
 A dart, whole point with brafs refulgent fhines,
 The warrior wields ; and his great brother joins.

This Hector faw, and thus exprefs'd his joy : 570
 Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy !
 Be mindful of yourfelves, your ancient fame,
 And fpread your glory with the navy's flame.
 Jove is with us ; I faw his hand, but now,
 From the proud archer ftrike his vaunted bow. 575
 Indulgent Jove ! how plain thy favours fhine,
 When happy nations bear the marks divine !
 How eafy then, to fee the finking ftate
 Of realms accurst, deferted, reprobate !
 Such is the fate of Greece, and fuch is ours. 580
 Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
 Death is the worft ; a fate which all muft try ;
 And, for our country, 'tis a blifs to die.
 The gallant man, though flain in fight he be,
 Yet leaves his nation fafe, his children free ; 585
 Entails a debt on all the grateful ftate ;
 His own brave friends fhall glory in his fate ;
 His wife live honour'd, all his race fucceed ;
 And late pofterity enjoy the deed !

This rous'd the foul in every Trojan breaft. 590
 The god-like Ajax next his Greeks addrefs :

How long, ye warriors of the Argive race
 (To generous Argos what a dire difgrace !)

How

How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die! 595

What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?

Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,

How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!

Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites, 600

It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.

'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;

To your own hands are trusted all your fates;

And better far, in one decisive strife,

One day should end our labour, or our life; 605

Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,

Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.

The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame,

And every kindling bosom pants for fame.

Then mutual slaughters spread on either side; 610

By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;

There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,

Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.

Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,

The fierce commander of th' Epeian band. 615

His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;

The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew,

(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care);

But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear:

His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore; 620

His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.

Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,

Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,

And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field ;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield : 625
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Selles' winding shore ;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale) ;
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won, 630
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye : in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow. 635
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound 640
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain :
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young. 645
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain ;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilium, and excell'd in war ;
For this, in Priam's court, he held his place, 650
Below'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead :

Lo,

Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
 And is it thus our royal kinsman dies; 655
 O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
 And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
 Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
 But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
 Till Greece at once, and all her glory end; 660
 Or Ilion from her towery height descend,
 Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
 In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
 With equal ardour Melanippus glows: 665
 Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! respect your fame,
 Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
 Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie, 670
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
 The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His generous sense he not in vain imparts,
 It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts, 675
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
 Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
 And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
 The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause, 680
 Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause:
 Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
 So strong to fight, so active to pursue?

Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?
 Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed. 685
 He said ; and backward to the lines retir'd ;
 Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
 Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he threw,
 And round the black battalions cast his view.
 The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear, 690
 While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
 Advancing Melanippus met the dart
 With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :
 Thundering he falls ; his falling arms resound,
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 695
 The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize :
 Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagie flies,
 And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
 The distant hunter sent into his heart.
 Observing Hector to the rescue flew ; 700
 Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
 So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
 Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain ;
 While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
 And hears the gathering multitude resound, 705
 Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
 And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
 So fears the youth ; all Troy with shouts pursue,
 While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew ;
 But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns 710
 His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
 Pierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove :

The

The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair; 715
Put lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn, 720
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilium burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe. 725
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow 730
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one. 735
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now, all on fire for fame his breast, his eyes 740
Burn at each foe, and single every prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.

The

The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tower
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power : 745
 So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
 By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain ;
 Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
 And sees the watery mountains break below.
 Girt in furrounding flames, he seems to fall, 750
 Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all :
 Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends ;
 White are the decks with foam ; the winds aloud
 Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud :
 Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears ;
 And instant death on every wave appears.
 So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
 The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion rushing from his den, 760
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen
 (Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead ;)
 Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes :
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies . 765
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
 He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
 All Greece in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and slew :
 Mycenian Periphas, a mighty name, 770
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame ;
 The minister of stern Eurytheus' ire,
 Against Alcides, Corpreus was his fire :

The

The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
 A son as generous as the fire was base; 775
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
 In every virtue, or of peace or war:
 But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
 Against the margin of his ample shield
 He struck his hasty foot: his heels up sprung; 780
 Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
 On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
 And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
 His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
 Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate. 785

Chac'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
 Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main.
 Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
 Wall'd round with flames, a gloomy desperate band.
 Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight; 790
 Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
 Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
 (The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
 And by their parents, by themselves, implores. 795

O friends! be men: your generous breasts inflame
 With equal honour, and with mutual shame?
 Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents, share:
 Think of each living father's reverend head: 800
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
 They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:

The

The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day. 805

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires ;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain, 810
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main :
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size : 815

A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around ,
Nor fights, like others, fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands ,
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride, 820
The god-like hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way ; 825
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;
And now to this, and now to that he flies ,
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew, 830
No less the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud :

Then

Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores : 835
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand, 840
And breathes fierce sprits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the founding prores.
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire ; 845
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair ;
Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main 850
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain !
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector ! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand ; 855
The same which dead Protefilaus bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore :
For this in arms the warring nations flood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance or bend the bow ; 860
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow :
Wounded they wound ; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.

The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes found,
 Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground, 865
 With streaming blood the slippery shores are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
 Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command : .

Haste, bring the flames ! the toil of ten long years 870
 Is finish'd ! and the day desir'd appears !

This happy day with acclamations greet,
 Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
 The coward counsels of a timorous throng
 Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long : 875
 Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
 But now in peals of thunder calls to arms :
 In this great day he crowns our full desires,
 Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command, 880
 Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
 Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
 Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
 Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
 What chief approaching dares attempt his fate : 885
 Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
 Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends ;
 Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
 Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends ! O heroes ! names for ever dear, 890
 Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war !
 Ah ! yet be mindful of your old renown,
 Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.

What

What aids expect you in this utmost strait ?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate ? 895
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend ;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread ; your native lands 900
Far, far from hence : your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke , nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the fable ships, with flaming brands, 905
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead ;
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The sixth Battle : the Acts and Death of Patroclus.

PATROCLUS (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it ; but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation : he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described ; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy ; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him : which concludes the book.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim!
 Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
 Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword, 25
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
 And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
 Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke: 30

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
 Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
 Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
 Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
 Eurpylus, Tydides, Atreus' son 35
 And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
 More for their country's wounds than for their own.
 Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
 Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave, 40
 O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
 Thy country slighted in her last distress,
 What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
 No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind. 45

O man un pitying! if of man thy race;
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
 Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
 Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
 Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form, 50
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
 A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
 So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind,

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm, 55
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line :
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war :
Without thy person Greece shall win the day, 60
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to Fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death. 65
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply :

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest; 70
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage :
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long. 75
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave, 80
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last :

I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
 Now Hector to my ships his battle bears, 85 }
 The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
 Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
 In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
 Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
 Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right. 90
 See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
 At the last edge of yon deserted land!
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
 It was not thus, when, at my fight amaz'd, 95
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
 Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
 Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
 No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there: 100
 No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
 No more your general calls his heroes on;
 Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain: 105 }
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
 And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host 110
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
 Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.

Though

Though Jove in thunder should command the war ;
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear : 115
The fleet once fav'd, desist from farther chace,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;
Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy ;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait, 120
Do her own work ; and leave the rest to Fate.
Oh ! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive ; 125
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town !

Such conference held the chiefs ; while on the strand
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the founding storm sustain'd, 130
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd :
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung ;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung ;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and goes ;
And painful sweat from all his members flows. 135
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most ;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post :
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame, 140
How suit the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame ?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword : and standing near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,

Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
 That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head : 145
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
 The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
 Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims : 155
 Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
 Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
 I haste to bring the troops—the hero said; 160
 The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brags; and first around
 His manly legs with silver buckles bound
 The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
 The flamy cuirass, of a thousand dyes; 165
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array, 170
 He flash'd around intolerable day.
 Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
 Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;

From

From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire; 175
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war) 180
The winged courfers harness'd to the car;

Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd Harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore: 185

Swift Pedasus was added to their side
(Once great Aetion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms 190
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim, terrific formidable band:

Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings; 195
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore, 200
And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
 Directs their order, and the war commands. 205
 He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd from Ilion's shores
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars :
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
 Himself supreme in valour, as in sway,

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth, 210
 Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
 Divine Spirchius ! Jove-descending flood !
 A mortal mother mixing with a God.
 Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
 The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame. 215

Eudorus next ; whom Polymele the gay,
 Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
 Her, fly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
 As with swift step she form'd the running maze :
 To her high chamber, from Diana's quire, 220
 The God pursued her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
 The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
 And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
 Strong Echeclus, blest in all those charms
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms ; 225
 Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
 With gifts of price he fought and won the dame ;
 Her secret offspring to her fire she bare ;
 Her fire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd ; matchless in his art 230
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;
 No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
 Or if a surer, great Patroclus ! thine.

The

'The fourth by Phoenix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërtes' valiant offspring led the last. 235

Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
'Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
" Stern son of Peleus!" (thus ye us'd to say,
While, restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
" Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
" Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field; 245
" If that dire fury must for ever burn,
" What make we here? Return; ye chiefs, return!"
Such were your words--Now, warriors, grieve no more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands; 250
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts press;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the bulwer forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng, 260
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here ; 265
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd ;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent :
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd, 270
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine, 275
But Peleus' son ; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with sulphur, sacied first to flame,
He purg'd ; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands ; and, fixing for a space 280
His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst ; and thus the God implor'd :

O thou Supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove! 285
Who 'midst furrounding flocks, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! furround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees; 290
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze :)
Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.

Lo.

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
 The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield; 295
 Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.

Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
 Press'd by his single force, let Hector see 300

His fame in arms not owing all to me.
 But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
 Let him with conquest and renown retire;
 Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
 And safe return him to these eyes again; 305

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
 But Heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
 To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
 His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
 Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies, 310
 And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care
 Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
 As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
 Pour from their mansions by the broad highway, 315
 In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
 Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
 All rise in arms, and with a general cry
 Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
 Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms, 320
 So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms;
 Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
 Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

Oh

Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
 Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days : 325
 Your god-like master let your acts proclaim,
 And add new glories to his mighty name.
 Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
 And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke, 330
 Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
 From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
 The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
 The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
 When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd : 335
 Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
 At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
 Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
 Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore 340
 Unblest Protefilaus to Ilion's shore,
 The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood
 (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
 His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground. 345
 His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
 Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
 Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
 And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires :
 Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies : 350
 In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous lies;
 Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
 And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er heaven's expanse like one black cieling spread,
Sudden the Thunderer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day :
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes ;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight, 360
And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew ; 365
As Arielycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance, 370
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away ;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay. 375

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band :
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound, 380
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground :
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage ;
But God-like Thrasimed prevents his rage,

Between

Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow ;
 His arm falls spouting on the dust below : 385
 He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er ;
 And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
 Sarpedon's friends, Amifodarus' feed ;
 Amifodarus, who, by Furies led, 390
 The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimæra bred ;
 Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
 And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
 Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize ; 395
 A living prize not long the Trojan stood ;
 The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood :
 Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies ;
 Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame, 400
 Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came ;
 In vain their javelins at each other flew,
 Now met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
 On the plum'd crest of his Bœotian foe,
 The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow ; 405
 The sword broke short ; but his, Peneleus sped
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head :
 The head, divided by a stroke so just,
 Hung by the skin : the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds, 410
 Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground :
 His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
 His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel : 415
 Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
 Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore :
 His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood ;
 He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks, neglected by the swain 420
 (Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
 A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
 And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :
 Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came ;
 Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame. 425

But still at Hector god-like Ajax aim'd,
 Still pointed at his breast his javelin flam'd :
 The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
 O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
 Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour, 430
 And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
 He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
 Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
 And rolls the cloud to blacken heaven with storms,
 Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour lies,
 And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :
 So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
 Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
 Ev'n Hector fled ; through heaps of disarray 440
 The fiery couriers forc'd their lord away :
 While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd ;
 Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd :

Chariots on chariots roll ; the clashing spokes
 Shock ; while the madding steeds break short their
 In vain they labour up the steepy mound ; [yokes :
 Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
 Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies ;
 Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies ;
 Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight ; 450
 Clouds rise on clouds, and heaven is snatch'd from fight.
 Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
 Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
 Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die, 455
 Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
 And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
 No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew ;
 From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
 High-bounding o'er the fosse : the whirling car 460
 Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
 And thunders after Hector ; Hector flies,
 Patroclus shakes his lance ; but Fate denies.
 Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
 The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course, 465
 Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
 And earth is loaden with incessant showers
 (When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
 Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause) ;
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise, 470
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies :
 Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away ;
 Loud

Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man fees all his labours vain. 475

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows, 480
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.

First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart. 485

Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk-up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:

Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war, 490
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,

And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin flicks, and from the chariot draws.

As on a rock that over-hangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane, 495

Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore

'The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forfook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone, 500
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:

Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:

Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
 And death involv'd him with the shades of hell. 505
 'Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
 Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
 Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
 And last Tlepolemus and Pyies bleed.
 Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread 510
 In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
 Groveling in dust, and gasping on the field,
 With this reproach his flying host he warms:
 Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms! 515
 Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
 'This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
 The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.
 He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car; 520
 Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
 As when two vultures on the mountains height
 Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
 They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
 The desert echoes, and the rocks reply: 525
 The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
 With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat; whose event foreseen,
 He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:
 The hour draws on; the Destinies ordain, 530
 My god-like son shall press the Phrygian plain:
 Already on the verge of death he stands,
 His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.

What

What passions in a parent's breast debate!
 Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate, 535
 And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
 From all the dangers and the toils of war;
 Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
 And fatten with celestial blood the field?

Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes: 540
 What words are these? O Sovereign of the Skies!
 Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
 Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span, }
 Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began? }
 How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death, 545
 Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
 Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
 And murmuring Powers condemn their partial Jov
 Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
 And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight, 550
 Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
 The breathless body to his native land.
 His friends and people, to his future praise,
 A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
 And lasting honours to his ashes give; 555
 His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.

She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
 Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom:
 Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heavens distill'd
 A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field: 560
 The God, his eyes averting from the plain
 Laments his son, destin'd to be slain, }
 Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign. }

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
 Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear : 565
 From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
 And pass'd the groin of valiant Thiafymed ;
 The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
 He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
 Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw ; 570
 The first aloof with erring fury flew,
 The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
 The generous Pedasus of Theban breed ;
 Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
 Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
 His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke ;
 Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook :
 When bold Automedon, to disengage
 The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed 580
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed :
 The rest move on, obedient to the rein ;
 The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
 And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance, 585
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its dying force.
 Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart :
 Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part, }
 Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart, 590
 Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
 Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
 It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground :

Thus

Thus fell the king ; and, laid on earth supine, 595
 Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine :
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
 So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws 600
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood ;
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through the
 Then to the leader of the Lycian band [wood.
 The dying chief address'd his last command :
 Glaucus, be bold ; thy task be first to dare 605
 The glorious dangers of destructive war,
 To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.
 Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
 Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death. 610
 What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe !
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight ;
 Defend my body, conquer in my right ;
 That, taught by great examples, all may try 615
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.
 He ceas'd ; the Fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
 Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod ; 620
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
 The reeking fibres clinging to the dart ;
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
 And the soul issued in the purple flood.

His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain, 625
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
 All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart, 630
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
 To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd :
 All-seeing monarch ! whether Lycia's coast,
 Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
 Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart ; 635
 Oh hear me ! God of every healing art !
 Lo ! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
 That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,
 I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war. 640
 Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
 Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
 But thou, O God of Health ! thy succour lend,
 To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
 For thou, though distant, canst restore my might, 645
 To head my Lyeians, and support the fight.
 Apollo heard, and, suppliant as he stood,
 His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood :
 He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
 And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart : 650
 Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
 And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
 First to the fight his native troops he warms,
 Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms :

With

With ample strides he stalks from place to place; 655
 Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
 Æneas next, and Hector, he accosts;
 Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
 Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy! 660
 Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
 Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
 See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
 In action valiant, and in council wise,
 Who guarded right, and kept his people free; 665
 To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
 Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
 Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
 Ah! let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
 Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost. 670

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
 Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
 Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
 At once his country's pillar, and their own;
 A chief, who led to Troy's beleagu'ring wall 675
 A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.
 Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
 And with superiour vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
 And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening bands: 680

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
 Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
 The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
 Lies pale in death, extended on the field.

To guard his body, 'Troy in numbers flies ; 685
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.

Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And fend the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command ;
The martial squadrons close on either hand : 690 .
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms.
With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain ;
The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to ſwell the horrors of the fight, 695
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night ;
And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
His fate enobling with a croud of ghoſts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls ;
Agaclean ſon, from Budium's lofty walls : 700 .
Who, chac'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
To Peleus and the ſilver-footed dame ;
Now ſent to 'Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinfman's ſhade.
Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead, 705
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head ;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came ;
And, like an eagle darting at his game, 710
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band ;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek ! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelæus flew the weighty ſtone,

Which

Which sunk him to the dead : when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back ; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lifts, or at the fighting foe ;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd ;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd. 720
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age :
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately feats, and riches, blest in vain :
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue 725
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew ;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain ;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And croud to spoil the dead . the Greeks oppose ;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death :
On Ida's holy hill he made abode, 735
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went :
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.

His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew ; 740
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field ;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.

And fluck with darts by warring heroes shed, 775

Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.

His long-disputed course the chiefs inclose,

On every side the busy combat grows ;

Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode

(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood) 780

The buzzing flies, a persevering train,

Incessant swarm, and chac'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,

And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.

Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates 785

The vengeance due, and meditates the fates :

Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call

The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,

This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,

And stretch'd him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;

Or yet, with many a foul's untimely flight,

Augment the fame and horror of the fight.

To crown Achilles' valiant fric'd with praise

At length he dooms ; and, that his last of days

Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe ; 795

Nor unattended see the shades below.

'Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay ;

He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,

Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline

The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine. 800

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,

And left their monarch with the common dead :

Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall

Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall,

(So Jove decreed !) At length the Greeks obtain 805
 The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
 The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
 Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
 Spoke from his throne the Cloud-compelling Jove : 810
 Descend, my Phœbus ! on the Phrygian plain,
 And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain ;
 Then bathe his body in the crystal flood ;
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood :
 O'er all his limbs celestial odours shed, 815
 And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
 Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
 To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
 They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
 His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear ; 820
 What honours mortals after death receive,
 Those unavailing honours we may give !

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
 Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;
 Thence from the war the breathless hero bore, 825
 Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore ;
 There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
 His manly members in th' immortal vest ;
 And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
 Restores his freshness, and his form renews. 830
 Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
 Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
 Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's command,
 And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land ;

The

The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid, 835
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming courfers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew : 840
Against what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain ;
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontrol'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold ;
The God who gives, resumes, and orders all, 845
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance, press'd the plain ;
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead ? 850
Adrestus first ; Autonöis then succeeds ;
Echeclus follows ; next young Megas bleeds :
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground :
The slaughter, Elafus and Mulius crown'd :
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ; 855
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
'Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook ;
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook : 860
He try'd the fourth ; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud .

Patroclus ! cease ; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall ;

Thy

Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand : 86½
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires ;
'The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires :
While Hector, checking at the Scaean gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates, 870
Or in the field his forces to employ,

Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
'Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood ;
(Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung, 875
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)

'Thus he accosts him : What a shameful fight !
Gods ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear. 880

Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring God ; then took his flight, 88½
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.

He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car ;
The last resounds, the coursers rush to war :
'The God the Grecians' sinking souls deprest,
'And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right :
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :

The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head, 895
 The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
 The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain. 900
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides;
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides:

Good Heavens! what active feats yon artist shows!
 What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
 Mark with what ease they sink into the sand! 905
 Pity, that all their practice is by land!

Then, rushing forward on his prostrate prize,
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold; 910
 Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
 At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
 Defends the body, and provokes the war.
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage, 915
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
 And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
 Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead. 920
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
 So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;

Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown, 925
 The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan;
 This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage. 930
 Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
 Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
 Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
 Some, hard and heavy, shake the founding shields.
 But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
 Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains, }
 And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
 His fervid orb through half the vault of heaven;
 While on each host with equal tempest fell 940
 The showering darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
 But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
 Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
 Then, from amidst the tumult and alarms,
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms. 945
 Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
 And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
 Thrice on the press, like Mars himself, he flew.
 And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.
 There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine 950
 The last, black remnant of so bright a line;
 Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
 Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
 'For lo! the God, in dusky clouds enshrin'd
 Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind, 955

The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel ;
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
 In giddy darkness : far to distance flung,
 His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
 Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore, 960
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before ;
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
 And shade the temples of the man divine.
 Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod ;
 Not long—for fate pursues him, and the God. 965

His spear in shivers falls : his ample shield
 Drops from his arm : his baldrick strows the field :
 The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes :
 Loose is each joint : each nerve with horror shakes.
 Stupid he stares, and all-afflicted stands : 970
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
 From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name ;
 Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
 Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course : 975
 Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
 While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
 His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore ;
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more ;
 Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood : 980
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the croud. }
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
 Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear ;

Retires for succour to his social train, 985
 And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues :
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound. 990.
 With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all
 Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
 So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
 The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
 Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood, 995
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood ;
 At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
 Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
 So many lives effus'd, expires his own. 1000
 As, dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
 He sternly views him, and triumphing cries :
 Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee, the joy
 Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy ;
 The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames, 1005
 And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames !
 Unthinking man ! I fought, those towers to free,
 And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee :
 But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;
 Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ; 1010
 Though much at parting that great chief might say,
 And much enjoin thee, this important day.

“ Return

" Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
 " Without the bloody arms of Hector dead." }
 He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped. 1015 }
 Supine and wildly gazing on the skies,
 With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies :
 Vain boaster ! cease, and know the Powers divine :
 Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine ;
 To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call, 1020
 And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
 Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
 Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight :
 By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
 Euphorbus next ; the third mean part thy own. 1025
 But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;
 The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
 Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I ;
 Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh ;
 Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand, 1030
 I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her way
 (The beauteous body left a load of clay)
 Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;
 A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost ! 1035

Then Hector, pausing, as his eyes he fed
 On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead :
 From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
 Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me ?
 Why not as well Achilles' fate be given 1040
 To Hector's lance ? Who knows the will of Heaven ?

Pensive he said ; then pressing, as he lay,
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away ;
And upwards cast the corpse : the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer. 1045
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal courfers drove ;
Th' immortal courfers were the gift of Jove.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The seventh Battle, for the body of Patroclus: the
Acts of Menelaus.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death, then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K X V I I .

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
 Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
 Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
 Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe :
 Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves, 5
 Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves ;
 And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
 Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
 Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
 His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame. 10

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
 Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend :
 This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low ;
 Warriour desist, nor tempt an equal blow :
 To me the spoils my prowess won, resign ; 15
 Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus : the Spartan monarch burn'd
 With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd :
 Laugh'ft thou not, Jove ! from thy superior throne,
 When mortals boast of prowess not their own ? 20
 Not thus the lion glories in his might,
 Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,

Nor

Nor thus the boar (those terrours of the plain)
 Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
 But far the vainest of the boastful kind 25
 These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
 Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
 This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell ;
 Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
 Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride. 30
 These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
 Presumptuous youth ! like his shall be thy doom,
 Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom ;
 Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate ; 35
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd Euphorbus thus : That action known,
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed : 40
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
 To soothe a comfort's and a parent's woe ;
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,
 Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missile lance he flings, 45
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
 But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
 On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
 Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain ; 50
 Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.

The

The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore, 55
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air; 60
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.

Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay, 65
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire, 70
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distill with smoking gore;

All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes, 75
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war):
Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace
Achilles' courfers, of ætherial race; 80
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.

Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
 Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain !
 By Sparta slain ! for ever now suppress'd 85
 The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast !

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight :
 His words infix'd unutterable care
 Deep in great Hector's soul : through all the war 90
 He darts his anxious eye ; and instant view'd
 The breathless hero in his blood imbrued
 (Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies :
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
 Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,

And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind : 100

Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain ?
 Desert the arms, the relicks of my friend ?
 Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend ?
 Sure where such partial favour Heaven bestow'd, 105
 To brave the hero were to brave the God :
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field ;
 'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven, I yield.

Yet, nor the God, nor Heaven, should give me fear,
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear : 110
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give Achilles all that yet remains

Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A fable scene! The terrors Hector led. 115
Slow he recedes, and fighting quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes. 120
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
Where labouring on the left the warrior stood, 125
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king: Oh Ajax, oh my friend;
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend: 130
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair 135
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field. 140
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
 And now before, and now behind, he stood: 145
 Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lionsess surrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.
 Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
 With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
 On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
 Where now in Hector shall we Hector find? 155
 A manly form, without a manly mind!
 Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
 How vain, without the merit, is the name!
 Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
 What other methods may preserve thy Troy: 160
 'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
 By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
 Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
 Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
 What from thy thankless arms can we expect? 165
 Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
 Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
 While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
 Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
 A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170
 On my command if any Lycian wait,
 Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.

Did

Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
 Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
 (Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws 175
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause ;)
 Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
 And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
 Oh ! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
 Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again ! 180
 Greece with Achilles friend should be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
 But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear ;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrours of his eye ; 185
 And lo ! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
 The Lycian leader, and sedate replied :

Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear ? 190
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
 I shun great Ajax ? I desert my train ?
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain ;
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, 195
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
 But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold ;
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow ! 200
 Come, through yon squadron let us hew the way,
 And thou be witness, if I fear to-day :

If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.

Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries, 205
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine. 210

He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore 215
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands; 220
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar, 225
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he fate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said: 230

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?

In heavenly panoply divinely bright,
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
 As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart 235
 Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
 A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away: 240
 For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
 With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
 No more officious, with endearing charms,
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his fable brow he gave the nod, 245
 That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
 The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
 Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
 Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew, 250
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
 Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
 Now Melesias, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires; 255
 Now Phercys, Chromius, and Hippothous, fires;
 The great Thefilocus like fury found,
 Afteropæus kindled at the sound, }
 And Ennomus, in augury renown'd. }
 Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands 260
 Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;

Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chace,
 To save our present, and our future race. 265
 For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
 And glean the relicks of exhausted Troy.
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die or conquer are the terms of war.
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain, 270
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim ;
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
 They join ; they thicken, they protend their spears ; 275
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey ;
 Vain hope ! what number shall the field o'erspread,
 What victims perish round the mighty dead ?
 Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far, 280
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war :
 Our fatal day, alas ! is come (my friend)
 And all our wars and glories at an end !
 'Tis not this course alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ; 285
 We too must yield : the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
 See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call, 290
 The bravest Greeks : this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field, re-echoed the distressful sound :

Oh chiefs ! oh princes ! to whose hand is given
 The rule of men ; whose glory is from Heaven ! 295
 Whom with due honours both Atrides grace :
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach so far,
 All, whom I see not through this cloud of war ;
 Come all ! let generous rage your arms employ, 300
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid ;
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage. 305
 The long succeeding numbers who can name ?
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng ;
 Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
 Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves, 310
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaean band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand :
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night :
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend, 320
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend :
 Dead he protects him with superior care,
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade ;
 And now before, and now behind, he stood : 145
 Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lionsess surrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds ;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lowers.
 Fast by his side the generous Spartan glows
 With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

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 On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids :
 Where now in Hector shall we Hector find ? 155
 A manly form, without a manly mind !
 Is this, O chief ! a hero's boasted fame ?
 How vain, without the merit, is the name !
 Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
 What other methods may preserve thy Troy : 160
 'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
 By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand ;
 Mean, empty boast ! but shall the Lycians stake
 Their lives for you ? those Lycians you forsake ?
 What from thy thankless arms can we expect ? 165
 Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect :
 Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
 While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls ?
 Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
 A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170
 On my command if any Lycian wait,
 Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.

Did

Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
 Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
 (Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws 175
 The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
 Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
 And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
 Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
 Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again! 180
 Greece with Achilles friend should be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
 But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrours of his eye; 185
 And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
 The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:

Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear? 190
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
 I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds, 195
 And hear the thunder of the founding steeds.
 But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow! 200
 Come, through yon squadron let us hew the way,
 And thou be witness, if I fear to-day:

If yet a Greek the fight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead.

Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries, 205
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine. 210

He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The fable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore 215
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands; 220
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar, 22;
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he fate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said: 230

Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
 As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart 235
 Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
 A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away : 240
 For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
 With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
 No more officious, with endearing charms,
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
 Then with his fable brow he gave the nod, 245
 That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
 The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
 Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
 Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew, 250
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
 Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
 Now Mesthes, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires; 255
 Now Phœrcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs, fires;
 The great Thefilocus like fury found,
 Asteropæus kindled at the sound, }
 And Ennomus, in augury renown'd. }
 Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands 260
 Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;

Ye came to fight ; a valiant foe to chace,
 To save our present, and our future race. 265
 For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
 And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die or conquer are the terms of war.
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain, 270
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
 With Hector's self shall equal honours claim ;
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
 They join, they thicken, they protend their spears ; 275
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey :
 Vain hope ! what number shall the field o'erspread,
 What victims perish round the mighty dead ?
 Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far, 280
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war :
 Our fatal day, alas ! is come (my friend)
 And all our wars and glories at an end !
 'Tis not this curse alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ; 285
 We too must yield : the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
 See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call, 290
 The bravest Greeks : this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field, re-echoed the distressful sound :

Oh chiefs ! oh princes ! to whose hand is given
 The rule of men ; whose glory is from Heaven ! 295
 Whom with due honours both Atrides grace :
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach so far,
 All, whom I see not through this cloud of war ;
 Come all ! let generous rage your arms employ, 300
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid ;
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage. 305
 The long succeeding numbers who can name ?
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng ;
 Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
 Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves, 310
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the roar. 315

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand :
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night :
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend, 320
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend :
 Dead he protects him with superior care,
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain ;
 Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain : 325
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
 {Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame;}
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore : 330
 So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar.
 And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war ; 335
 The finewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, insert'd through the double wound :
 Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed ;
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed :
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain ; 340
 The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain :
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground :
 The brain comes gushing through the ghastly wound :
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead : 345
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.
 Lamented youth ! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.
 Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies : 350
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death ; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,

Schedius

Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind : 355
 In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing through the shoulder stood;
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all 360
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
 Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke : 365
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the fight, recede the Trojan train :
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield, 370
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field ;
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate :
 But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight ;
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight 375
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
 Rever'd for prudence ; and with prudence, bold).

Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief ! remain,
 To save your Troy, though Heaven its fall ordain ?
 There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care, 380
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
 Have forc'd the Powers to spare a sinking state,
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.

But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove declares
 His partial favour, and assists your wars, 385
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
 And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.

Æneas, through the form assum'd, describes
 The Power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries :
 Oh lasting shame ! to our own fears a prey, 390
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day !
 A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
 And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew :
 The bold example all his host pursue. 395
 Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
 In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede ;
 Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance :
 The whirling lance, with vigorous force address'd, 400
 Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast :
 From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
 Next thee, Asteopeus ! in place and fame.
 Asteopeus with grief beheld the slain,
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain : 405
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
 Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecian stood :
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
 Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care, 410
 And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:

Fixt on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
 A sanguine torrent sleeps the reeking ground; 415
 On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
 And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
 Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns, 420
 And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
 The sun, the moon, and all th' ætherial host,
 Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
 And all heaven's splendours blotted from the skies. 425
 Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
 The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
 Unclouded there, th' ærial azure spread,
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray, 430
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled. 435
 : Meanwhile the sons of Nestor in the rear
 (Their fellows routed) tofs the distant spear,
 And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
 When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend, 440
 Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death : 445
 O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
 Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er ;
 Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
 And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their
 eyes.

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide, 450
 Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
 The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour o'er
 Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore :
 So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood ;
 The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood : 455
 While Greeks and Ilions equal strength employ,
 Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
 Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
 Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
 Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror reign'd ;
 Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;
 He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
 In dust extended under Ilion's wall, 465
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;
 Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
 Was more than Heaven had destin'd to his friend ;
 Perhaps to him : this Thetis had reveal'd ; 470
 The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
 And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled ;
 Curs'd

Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day! 475

First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood; 485

Their god-like master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.

In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and sooths and threats in vain!

Nor to the fight nor Hellefpont they go, 490

Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:

Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,

On some good man or woman unprov'd

Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands

A marble courser by the sculptor's hands, 495

Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face

The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,

Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late

Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,

Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread, 500

And prone to earth was hung their languid head:

Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,

While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:

Unhappy

Unhappy courfers of immortal strain !
 Exempt from age, and deathlefs, now in vain ; 505
 Did we your race on mortal man beftow,
 Only, alas ! to fhare in mortal woe ?
 For ah ! what is there, of inferior birth,
 That breathes or creeps upon the duft of earth ;
 What wretched creature, of what wretched kind, 510
 Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind ?
 A miferable race ! But ceafe to mourn ;
 For not by you fhall Priam's fon be borne
 High on the fplendid car : one glorious prize
 He rafhly boafte ; the reft our will denies. 515
 Ourfelf will fwiftnefs to your nerves impart,
 Ourfelf with rifing fpirits fwell your heart.
 Automedon your rapid flight fhall bear
 Safe to the navy through the ftorm of war :
 For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er 520
 The field, and fpread her flaughters to the fhore ;
 The fun fhall fee her conquer, till his fall
 With fared darknefs fhades the face of all.

He faid, and, breathing in th' immortal horfe
 Exceffive fpirit, urg'd them to the courfe ; 525
 From their high manes they fhake the duft, and bear
 The kindling chariot through the parted war :
 So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
 Of geefe, that fcream, and fcatter round the plain.
 From danger now with fwifteft fpeed they flew, 530
 And now to conqueft with like fpeed purfue ;
 Sole in the feat the charioteer remains,
 Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins :

Him

Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address: 535

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?

Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies) 540
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;

No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:

Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name! 545

To thee I yield the feat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.

His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd, 550
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:

Lo, to my fight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!

The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?

Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brasses refulgent the broad surface shin'd, 560
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.

Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;

In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return. 565

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow, 570
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.

Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud, 575
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he said)
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego.
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage 580
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young; 585
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd,

Now

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
 Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow, 595
 Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
 And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
 Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
 In long vibration spent its fury there.
 With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd, 600
 But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
 Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
 But left their slain companion in his blood:
 His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
 Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice! 605
 Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
 Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
 All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
 High on the chariot at one bound he sprung, 610
 And o'er his feat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
 Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
 For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
 The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd Maid, 615
 As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
 O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow
 (In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
 Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
 The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies, 620
 And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
 In such a form the Goddess round her drew
 A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.

Assuming

Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
 And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls : 625
 And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
 A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall ?
 What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
 To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell !
 O chief, oh father ! (Atreus' son replies) 630
 O full of days ! by long experience wise !
 What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
 To guard the body of the man I lov'd ?
 Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
 This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war ! 635
 But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
 And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers address'd,
 She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
 And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight, 640
 Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
 So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er !)
 Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore
 (Bold son of air and heat !) on angry wings
 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and slings. 645
 Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
 And sent his soul with every lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
 Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name,
 With riches honour'd, and with courage blest, 650
 By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest ;
 Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
 And ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.

Sudden

Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
 Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God 655
 (Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
 In fair Abydos, by the rolling main) :

Oh prince (he cried) oh foremost once in fame!
 What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
 Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield, 660
 A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
 Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
 He bears victorious, while our army flies!
 By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
 The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead! 665
 This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
 Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
 That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
 Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud 670
 Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
 Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
 And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
 At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly. 675

Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led:
 For, as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head
 To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
 And raz'd his ~~shoulder~~ with a shorten'd spear:
 By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain, 680
 Pierc'd through the wrist; and, raging with the pain, }
 Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
 The flaming javelin to his manly breast;

The brittle point before his corselet yields ; 685
 Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields :
 High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
 The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood ;
 But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
 Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer 690
 Of martial Merion : Cœranus his name,
 Who left fair Lycus for the fields of fame.
 On foot bold Merion fought ; and now, laid low,
 Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe ;
 But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought, 695
 And with his life his master's safety bought.
 Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
 Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain ;
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein : 700
 This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
 And urges to desert the hopeless war ;
 Idomeneus consents ; the lash applies ;
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies.
 Nor Ajax less the will of Heaven descry'd, 705
 And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
 Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
 To Atreus' seed, the god-like Telamon :
 Alas ! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
 Transfers the glory to the Trojan band ? 710
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
 He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart :
 Not so our spears : incessant though they rain,
 He suffers every lance to fall in vain,

Deserted

Deserted of the God, yet let us try 715
 What human strength and prudence can supply ;
 If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
 May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
 Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
 And still hear Hector thundering at their gates. 720
 Some hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
 The mournful message to Pelides' ear ;
 For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
 His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
 But such a chief I spy not through the host : 725
 The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
 In general darkness—Lord of earth and air !
 Oh King ! oh Father ! hear my humble prayer :
 Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore ;
 Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more : 730
 If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
 But let us perish in the face of day !

With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
 The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air ;
 Forth burst the sun with all-enlightening ray ; 735
 The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
 Now, now, Atrides ! cast around thy sight ;
 If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
 Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
 The fatal news——Atrides hastes away. 740

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
 Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
 Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds :
 Stiff with fatigue, and fretted fore with wounds ;

The darts fly round him from an hundred hands, 745
 And the red terrours of the blazing brands :
 Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
 Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
 So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
 With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace ; 750
 The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
 And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train :

Oh guard these relicks, to your charge consign'd,
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind ;
 How skill'd he was in each obliging art ; 755
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart ;
 He was, alas ! but fate decreed his end ;
 In death a hero, as in life a friend !

So parts the chief ; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view. 760
 As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid aerial sky,
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move ;
 Then stoops, and, fousing on the quivering hare, 765
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
 Not with less quickness, his exerted flight
 Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight :
 Till on the left the chief he fought, he found ;
 Chearing his men, and spreading deaths around. 770

To him the king : Belov'd of Jove ! draw near,
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear ;
 Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn !
 How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn ;

This

This is not all : Patroclus, on the shore 775

Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.

Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell

The sad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell :

He too may haste the naked corpse to gain ;

The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain. 780

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,

From his fair eyes the tears began to flow ;

Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say

What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.

To brave Laodocus his arms he flung, 785

Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along ;

Then ran, the mournful message to impart,

With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth : nor Menelaus stands,

(Though sore distressed) to aid the Pylian bands ; 790

But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain ;

Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)

But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid :

Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe, 795

Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain ;

'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,

And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate

Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate. 800

'Tis well (said Ajax), be it then thy care,

With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear ;

Myself and my bold brother will sustain

The shock of Hector and his charging train :

No! fear we armies, fighting side by side ; 805
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said ;
 High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
 A general clamour rises at the fight :
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight. 810
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,
 Voracious hounds, that many a length before
 Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar ;
 But, if the savage turns his glaring eye, 815
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower :
 But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field. 820
 While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war ;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along :
 Lefs fierce the winds with rising flames conspire, 825
 To whelm some city under waves of fire ;
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes ;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods ;
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles. 830
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load :
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length ;

Inly

Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill, 835
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So these——Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus, when a river swell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains, 840
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains, 845
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry: 850
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impress! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The Grief of Achilles, and new Armour made him
by Vulcan.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The fight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent, on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XVIII.

THUS, like the rage of fire, the combat burns;
 And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
 Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow.
 Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe :
 There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails, 5
 On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
 Pensive he sat ; for all that Fate design'd
 Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
 Thus to his soul he said : Ah ! what constrains
 The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains ? 10
 Is this the day, which Heaven so long ago
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe ?
 (So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
 The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
 Should lose the light ? Fulfill'd is that decree ? 15
 Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he ?
 In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
 And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain !
 Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears : 20
 Sad tidings, son of Peleus ! thou must hear ;
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger !

Dead

Dead is Patroclus ! For his corpse they fight,
His naked corpse ; his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot through all the chief, 25
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief ;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head ;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears : 30
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries ; and, gathering round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground :
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart ;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow. 40

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereos, and the watery train,
The Mother Goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistresses weep. 45
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
'Thalia, Glauce (every watery name)
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came :
Cymothoe and Cymodocæ were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye, 50
'Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
'Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,

Thoa,

Thoa, Phœrusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoe gay;
Next Callianira, Callianassa, show 55
Their sister looks; Dexamene the flow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed; 60
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held 65
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:
Hear me, and judge, ye Sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain! 70
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand 75
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him: but the Fates ordain
He never, never, must return again.
So short a space the light of heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too. 80
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;

I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main, 85
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.

Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand. 90

Th' immortal Mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request 95
The God has granted, and the Greeks distress:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning—To this cureless grief
Not ev'n the Thunderer's favour brings relief. 100
Patroclus—Ah!—say, Goddess, can I boast

A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd 105
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.

Curs'd be that day, when all the Powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign; 110

And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his-equal bed!

Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain, 115
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart; 120
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed,
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die, 125
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)
Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away; 130
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
'The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill, 135
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste; 140
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.

Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate ;
 'Tis past—I quell it ; I resign to fate..
 Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend ; 145
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun ;
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,
 To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all-conquering death. 150
 So shall Achilles fall ! stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread !
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields,
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear 155
 With frantic hands her long dishevel'd hair ?
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes ?
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
 In vain you hold me—Hence!—My arms, my arms !
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
 That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.

My son (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh)
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save, 165
 Is worthy thee ; the duty of the brave.
 But canst thou naked issue to the plains ?
 Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains ;
 Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh. 170
 Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour stay ;
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,

Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the Daughters of the main, 175
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train :

Ye sister Nereids ! to your deeps descend ;
Haste, and our father's facied seat attend ;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine : 180
So tell our hoary fire—This charge she gave :
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave :
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Hellespont their headlong course :
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind ; 190
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew :
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain ; 195
But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again ;
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires :
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain. 200
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day :

Had

Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
 Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
 The various Goddesses of the showery bow, 205
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
 To great Achilles at his ships she came,
 And thus began the Many-colour'd Dame :
 Rise, son of Peleus ! rise divinely brave !
 Assist the combat, and Patroclus save : 210
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
 And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
 To drag him back to Troy the foe contends :
 Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends :
 A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie, 215
 And marks the place to fix his head on high.
 Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
 Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame !
 Who sends thee, Goddesses ! from th' etherial skies ?
 Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies. 220
 I come, Pelides ! from the Queen of Jove,
 Th' immortal Empress of the realms above ;
 Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
 Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
 Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd) 225
 Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd ?
 Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
 Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,
 Vulcanian arms : what other can I wield ;
 Except the mighty Telamonian shield ? 230
 That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
 While his strong lance around him heaps the dead :
 The

The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of aims (said Iris) well we know, 235
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrors, go !
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear :
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly. 240

She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose ;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws ;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread ;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleaguerr'd town arise 245
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress hang out the sign of war) ;
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze ; 250
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light :
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud ;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpeter's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war, 260
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply ;

So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd :
 Hofts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard ;
 And back the chariots roll, and courfers bound, 265
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
 Aghaft they fee the living lightnings play,
 And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd ;
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd. 270
 Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
 On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd :
 While, ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
 The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.

A loſty bier the breathleſs warriour bears: 275
 Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
 But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
 Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead,
 Whom late triumphant, with his ſteeds and car,
 He ſent refulgent to the field of war; 280
 (Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
 Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unweari'd with his heavenly way,
 In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
 Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command, 285
 And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
 The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
 Their ſteeds unharnes'd from the weary car)
 A ſudden council call'd. each chief appear'd
 In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd. 290
 'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
 They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.

Silent they stood : Polydamas at last,
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
 The son of Panthus, thus exprefs'd his fears ; 295
 (The friend of Hector, and of equal years :
 'The self-same night to both a being gave,
 One wife in council, one in action brave) :

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak ; .
 For me, I move, before the morning break, 300
 To raise our camp : too dangerous here our post,
 Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
 I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while, engag'd
 In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd ;
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail, 305
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand fail.
 I dread Pelides now : his rage of mind
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
 Contending nations won and lost the day ; 310
 For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
 Hasten then to Ilion, while the favouring night
 Detains those terrours, keeps that arm from fight ;
 If but the morrow's sun behold us here, 315
 That arm, those terrours, we shall feel, nor fear ;
 And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
 If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue. 320
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought and reason can supply ;

Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend :
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers, 325
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
 Till his spent courfers seek the fleet again : 330
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.

Return? (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
 What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
 Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say, 335
 Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
 Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
 For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold :
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd ; 340
 The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
 And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
 Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
 And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls :
 Dar'it thou dispirit whom the Gods incite ; 345
 Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
 To better counsel then attention lend ;
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
 If there be one whose riches cost him care,
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share ; 350
 'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes.

Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
 Fierce on yon navy we will pour our arms;
 If great Achilles rise in all his might, 355
 His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.
 Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give!
 And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!

Mars is our common lord, aliketo all:
 And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall. 360

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
 So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
 To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
 The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign, 365
 Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
 Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
 Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
 Now clasp'd his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
 The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart. 370
 The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
 Roars through the desert, and demands his young:
 When the grim savage, to his rifled den
 Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
 And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds; 375
 His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
 So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
 To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage.
 When, to console Menætiüs' feeble age, 380
 I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
 Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?

But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
 The long, long views of poor, designing man !
 One fate the warriour and the friend shall strike, 385
 And Troy's black fands must drink our blood alike :
 Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
 An aged father never see me more !
 Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way. 390
 Ere thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
 Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade ;
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine ;
 And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire ; 395
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
 Thus let me lie till then ! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast !
 While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day : 400
 Spoils of my arms, and thine ; when, waisting wide,
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd wound.
 A massy caldron of stupendous frame 405
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame :
 Then heap the lighted wood ; the flame divides
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides :
 In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream :
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim. 410
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,

High

High on a bed of state extended laid;
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw; 415
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
{His wife and sister} spoke almighty Jove:
At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such Grace thy Greeks have won. 420
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend, 425
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above,
Heaven's Queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,
Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land? 430

So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal flame!
High-eminent amid the worlds divine,
Where heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the Gods' self found, 435
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
'That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd, 440
'That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) instinct with spirit roll'd

From place to place, around the blest abodes,
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods :
 For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
 In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
 Just as responsive to his thought the frame
 Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came :
 Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair) 450
 Observ'd her entering ! her soft hand she press'd,
 And, smiling, thus the watery Queen address'd :
 What, Goddess ! this unusual favour draws ?
 All hail, and welcome ! whatsoe'er the cause :
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour 455
 Approach, and taste the dainty of the bower.
 High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
 And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd :
 A footstool at her feet ; then, calling, said,
 Vulcan, draw near ; 'tis Thetis asks your aid. 460
 Thetis (reply'd the God) our powers may claim,
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name !
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
 (My aukward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
 She and Eurynome my griefs redrest, 465
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
 Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought ;
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
 Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
 Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God : 470
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led ;
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.

Now,

Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,

For such desert what service can I pay?

Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share 475

The genial rites, and hospitable fare;

While I the labours of the forge forego,

And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;

Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes, 480

And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)

Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.

Then with a sponge the footy workman drest

His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.

With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire, 485

Came halting forth the Sovereign of the fire:

The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,

That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;

To whom was voice, and sense, and science given

Of works divine, (such wonders are in heaven!) 490

On these supported, with unequal gait,

He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis fate;

There, plac'd beside her on the shining frame,

He thus address'd the Silver-footed Dame:

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls 495

(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?

'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,

And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies

(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes) 500

Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine

So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd, as mine?

Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
 For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
 I, only I, of all the watery race, 505
 By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
 Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
 The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
 Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
 The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name; 510
 Like ſome fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
 He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
 To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
 Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
 (Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe) 515
 Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
 Robb'd of the prize the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
 The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
 For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppreſs
 Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt. 520
 Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
 In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
 His arms, his ſteeds, his forces, to employ;
 He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy.
 Then, ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name) 525
 At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
 But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
 Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
 And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
 To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more! 530
 To her the Artiſt-god: Thy griefs reſign,
 Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze 535
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the Father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd, 540
Refounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd, 545
And stubborn brads, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose, 555
And god-like labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There earth, there heaven, there ocean, he design'd;
Th' unwearied sun, the moon compleatly round;
The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more resplendent beam;

To which, around the axle of the sky,
 'The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain, 565
 Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image one of peace, and one of war.
 Here facied pomp and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymenæal rite; 570
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed :
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound :
 Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row 575
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain :
 One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
 And bade the public and the laws decide : 580
 The witness is produc'd on either hand :
 For this, or that, the partial people stand :
 Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands.
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place, 585
 The reverend elders nodded o'er the case ;
 Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
 And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
 The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right. 590

Another part (a prospect differing far)
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war,

Two

Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care, 595
A secret ambush on the foe prepare :
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march ; by Pallas and by Mars made bold :
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold, 600
And gold their armour : these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head !
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem 605
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains ;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe. 610
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden ; hills of slaughter heap the ground ;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains !
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear ; 615
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war ;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood ;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest ;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast, 620
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds ; another dragg'd a dead ;
Now

Now here, now there, the carcases they tore :
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye; 625
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.

A field deep-furrow'd, next, the God design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind ;
 The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
 And turn their crooked yokes on every side: 630
 Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd ;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
 Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil :
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd: 635
 And fable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain ;
 With bended sickles stand the reaper-train :
 Here, stretch'd in ranks, the level'd swarths are found,
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the ground.
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands ;
 The gatherers follow, and collect in bands ;
 And last the children, in whose arms are borne
 (Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
 The rustic monarch of the field descries, 645
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare ;
 The reaper's due repast, the womens' care. 650

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
 Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines ;

A deeper

A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
 And, 'curl'd on silver props, in order glow :
 A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place ; 655
 And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace.
 To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads
 (Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
 The purple product of th' autumnal year. 660
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
 Whose tender lay the fate of LINUS sings ;
 In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
 Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold, 665
 Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
 And speed to meadows, on whose founding shores
 A rapid torrent through the rushes roars :
 Four golden herdsfmen as their guardians stand,
 And nine four dogs compleat the rustic band. 670
 Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
 And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd :
 He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men, withstood ;
 They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
 The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) desert the prey, 675
 Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
 Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads ;
 And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between ;
 And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene. 680

A figur'd dance succeeds : such once was seen
 In lofty Gnoſſus ; for the Cretan queen,

Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
 Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
 The maids in soft cymars of linen drest ; 685
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest :
 Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd ;
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
 That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend 690
 With well-taught feet : now shape, in oblique ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :
 Now forth at once, too swift for fight, they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost, 695
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
 The gazing multitudes admire around,
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend :
 And general songs the sprightly revel end. 700

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round :
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires, 705
 He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshines the fires.
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
 At Thetis feet the finish'd labour lay ;
 She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way, 710
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present through the skies.

T H E
NINETEENTH BOOK
O F T H E
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K XIX.

S OON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
 Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
 (With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light)
 Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears 5
 Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
 Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
 The sovereign's sorrows in their own express.
 A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
 And thus, his hand soft-touching, 'Thetis said: 10

Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
 It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
 Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd?
 Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground; 15
 Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
 Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprize,
 And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
 Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
 And feels with rage divine his bosom glow; 20
 From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
 And flash incessant like a stream of fire:

He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artift had design'd.

Goddeſs! (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine 25
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend :
But ah! the relicks of my ſlaughter'd friend!
In thoſe wide wounds through which his ſpirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obſcene pollute the dead? 30

That unavailing care be laid aſide,
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, ſhall remain,
Fieſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require) 35
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire :
Then uncontrol'd in boundleſs war engage,
And Heaven with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!

Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambroſia ſhower'd 40
O'er all the corſe. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.
Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went :
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train 45
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;
Studious to ſee that terrour of the plain,
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again. 50
Tydides and Ulyſſes firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe

These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
 The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
 He too fore wounded by Agenor's son. 55
 Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:

Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
 Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
 If, (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
 Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid) 60
 Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
 And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
 Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
 Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
 Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail, 65
 And sad posterity repeat the tale.

But this, no more the subject of debate,
 Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
 Why should, alas! a mortal man, as I,
 Burn with a fury than can never die? 70
 Here then my anger ends; let war succeed,
 And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
 Now call the hosts, and try, if in our fight
 Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
 I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows, 75
 Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
 The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
 When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
 In state unmov'd, the king of men begun: 80

Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
 And grant your monarch an impartial ear;

A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
 And let your rash, injurious clamours end :
 Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause, 85
 Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
 Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate :
 Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
 With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
 When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey. 90
 What then could I against the will of Heaven?
 Not by myself, but vengeful Atë driven ;
 She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infect
 The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
 Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads, 95
 But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
 Of mighty men ; inflicting as she goes
 Long festering wounds, inextricable woes !
 Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes ;
 And Jove himself, the Sire of men and Gods, 100
 The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart ;
 Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
 For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
 And Jove expected his immortal son :
 To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy 105
 He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy :
 From us (he said) this day an infant springs.
 Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
 Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
 And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth. 110
 The Thunderer, unsuspecting of the fraud,
 Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.

The joyful Goddess from Olympus' height,
 Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
 Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife; 115
 She push'd her lingering infant into life;
 Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
 And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.
 Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
 "A youth (said she) of Jove's immortal kind 120
 "Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
 "And claims thy promise to be king of kings."
 Grief seiz'd the Thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
 Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
 From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat. 125
 He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate,
 The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
 Th' immortal feats should ne'er behold her more;
 And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
 From bright Olympus and the starry heaven: 130
 Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
 Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
 Full oft the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
 Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
 Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled, 135
 While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
 What can the errors of my rage atone?
 My martial troops, my treasures, are thy own:
 This infant from the navy shall be sent
 Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent: 140
 But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
 Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.

O king of nations ! whose superior sway
 (Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey !
 To keep or send the presents, be thy care ; 145
 To us, 'tis equal : all we ask is war.
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
 Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
 The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round, 150
 With emulation what I act survey,
 And learn from thence the business of the day.
 The son of Peleus thus : and thus replies
 The great in councils, Ithacus the wife.
 'Though, god-like, thou art by no toils oppress'd, 155
 At least our armies claim repast and rest :
 Long and laborious must the combat be,
 When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
 Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
 And those augment by generous wine and food : 160
 What boastful son of war, without that stay,
 Can last a hero through a single day ?
 Courage may prompt ; but, ebbing out his strength,
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length ;
 Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd, 165
 The drooping body will desert the mind :
 But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
 With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
 Dismiss the people then, and give command,
 With strong repast to hearten every band ; 170
 But let the presents to Achilles made
 In full assembly of all Greece be laid.

The king of men shall rise in public fight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes, 175
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.

Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign might
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right; 180
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.

To him the monarch: Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee,
Each due atonement gladly I prepare; 185

And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay:
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made. 190

A train of noble youths the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim bear convey. 195
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.

For this (the stern Æacides replies)
Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more. 200
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:

Those

Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
 Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight :
 Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls,
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood :
 Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door. 210
 Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
 Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
 O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd) 215
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
 Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field; 220
 Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
 The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,
 Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall, 225
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
 Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead :
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
 The tribute of a melancholy day. 230
 One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
 Our care devolves on others left behind.

Let

Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow, 235
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.

Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind. 240

Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend,
And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent.

The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir, 245
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian strain,
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.

Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid; 250
A row of fix fair tripods then succeeds:

And twice the number of high-bounding steeds:
Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseis, like the blooming rose,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before, 255

First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:

The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlafs, sheath'd beside his sword: 260
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow

He crops, and offering meditates his vow.

His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
 On heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
 The solemn words a deep attention draw, 265
 And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness, thou first! thou greatest Power above!
 All-good, all-wise, and all-surviving Jove!
 And Mother-earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
 And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night, 270
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
 The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
 Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
 If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed, 275
 And level'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
 The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
 The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
 (A feast for fish) into the foaming main. 280

Then thus Achilles: Hear, ye Greeks! and know
 Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
 Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
 Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
 'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all, 285
 That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
 Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
 Achilles waits you, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
 To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd. 290
 Achilles fought his tent. His train before
 March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.

Those

Those in the tents the 'squires induttrious spread :
The foaming courfers to the stalls they led ;
To their new feats the female captives move: 295

Briseis, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as she past, beheld with sad survey,
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay :
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair; 300
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries :

Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind !
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay ! 305
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay !
What woes my wretched race of life attend !
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end !
The first lov'd comfort of my virgin-bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled ! 310

My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark irremeable way :
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain ;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove, 315
The first, the dearest partner of his love ;
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land,
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe ! 320

Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus fortunes, but their own :

The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd:

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care 325
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spake, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race, 330
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phoenix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents) 335
Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind? 340
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave 345
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend. 350
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.

From

From Schyros ille conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,

}
355

But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd; 360
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.

Their mingled grief the Sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid:

Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war? 365
Lo, where yon sails their canvass wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast.

He spoke: and sudden, at the word of Jove, 370
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift through æther the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast, 375
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.

Now issued from the ships the warriour-train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow, 380
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:

So

So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields; 385
 Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
 Thick beats the centre as the couriers bound,
 With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields
 around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest, 390
 His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
 Arms which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire;
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire; 395
 He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
 O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuisses first his thighs infold:
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
 The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd, 400
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
 And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
 Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wandering failors, pale with fears,
 Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears, 405
 Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
 Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
 With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
 Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind 410
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind;
 Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;

So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories
shed.

415

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear, 420
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could bear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields. 425

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courfers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side);
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind, 430
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire; 435
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:

Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain 440
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:

'Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord. 445

The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head :

'Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell ! (so Juno will'd) he broke 450
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

Achilles ! yes ! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety through the files of war :
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor can'st the fault, but God decrees thy doom. 455

Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force ;
The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Conscit we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail, 460
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. 'Th' intrepid chief reply'd, 465
With unabated rage—So let it be !

Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore---
Enough---when Heaven ordains, I sink in night ; 470
Now perish Troy ! he said, and rush'd to fight.

THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The Battle of the Gods, and the Acts of Achilles.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the battle described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THE

I L I A D.

BOOK XX.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
 Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
 While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
 Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
 Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call 5
 The Gods to council in the starry hall:
 Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
 And summons all the senate of the skies.
 These shining on, in long procession come
 To Jove's eternal adamant dome. 10
 Not one was absent, not a rural Power,
 That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower;
 Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
 Each azure Sister of the silver flood;
 All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps 15
 His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
 On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
 (The work of Vulcan) sat the Powers around.
 Ev'n * he whose trident sways the watery reign,
 Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main, 20
 Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
 And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:

P 3

What

Neptune.

What moves the God who heaven and earth com-
 And grasps the thunder in his awful hands, [mands,
 Thus to convene the whole æth'rial state? 25
 Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
 Already met, the lowering hosts appear,
 And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the Cloud-compelling Power replies)
 This day, we call the council of the skies 30
 In care of human race, ev'n Jove's own eye
 Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
 Far on Olympus' top in secret state
 Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
 Work out our will. Celestial Powers! descend, 35
 And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
 To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
 If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
 Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
 What can they now, if in his rage he rise? 40
 Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
 May fall this day, though Fate forbids the fall.
 He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with rage:
 On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
 Heaven's awful Queen; and he whose azure round 45
 Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
 Hermes, of profitable arts the fire;
 And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire!
 These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
 The vessels tremble as the Gods alight. 50
 In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
 Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
 Xanthus,

Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
 And the chaste Huntress of the silver bow.
 Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ, 55
 Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
 While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
 Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
 Dreadful he stood in front of all his host ;
 Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost ; 60
 Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
 And trembling see another God of War.

But when the Powers descending swell'd the fight,
 Then tumult rose ; fierce rage and pale affright
 Vaued each face ; then Discord sounds alarms, 65
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
 Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
 And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
 Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrors shrouds
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds : 70
 Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
 With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers ;
 Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill ;
 The mountain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
 Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls, 75
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
 Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground ;
 The forests wave, the mountains nod around ;
 Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
 And from their sources boil her hundred floods. 80
 Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain :
 And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.

Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
 Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour-in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
 Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage : such horrors rend
 The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend. 90
 First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
 Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main :
 The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
 Oppos'd to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
 Against Latona march'd the Son of May ; 95
 The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
 (Her golden arrows founding at her side)
 Saturnia, Majesty of Heaven, defy'd.
 With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
 'Tis sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ; 100
 Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
 But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
 Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage :
 Hector he sought ; in search of Hector turn'd 105
 His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd ;
 And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
 To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay ;
 Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way, 110
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
 Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded, to the fight.

Like

Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
 In voice and aspect, seem'd the Power divine;
 And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn 115
 In distant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchifeſ ſtrain :
 To meet Pelideſ, you perſuade in vain :
 Already have I met, nor void of fear
 Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear; 120
 From Ida's woods he chac'd us to the field,
 Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
 Lyrneſſus, Pedafus, in aſhes lay;
 But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day;
 Elſe had I ſunk, oppreſt in fatal fight 125
 By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
 Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
 What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain ?
 Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain, }
 And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
 Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his power,
 Though ſtrong in battle as a brazen tower.

To whom the Son of Jove : That God implore,
 And be what great Achilles was before. 135
 From heavenly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
 And he, but from a Siſter of the Main;
 An aged Sea-god father of his line,
 But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
 Then liſt thy weapon for a noble blow, 140
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
 Through the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt :
 His

His venturous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said: 145

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care;
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war,
Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend 150
Our favour'd hero, let some Power descend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line: 155

But, lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know what Powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she: and thus the God whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men. 165

But if th' Armipotent, or God of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd, 170
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.

Advanc'd

Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
 Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around; 175
 In elder times to guard Alcides made
 (The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
 What-time a vengeful monster of the main
 Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair, 180
 With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air :
 The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
 Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
 In circle close each heavenly party fate,
 Intent to form the future scheme of Fate; 185
 But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
 Gives the loud signal, and the heavens reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground ;
 The trampled centre yields a hollow sound :
 Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright, 190
 The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
 There, great Achilles, bold Æneas, here.
 With towering strides Æneas first advanc'd,
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd; 195
 Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
 Not so Pelides : furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes, 200
 Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride ;
 Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,

To his bold spear the savage turns alone :
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan ; 205
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around ;
 Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound ;
 He calls up all his rage ; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies ; 210
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
 Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
 The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son :
 Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far ?
 Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war, 215
 In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
 And prove his merits to the throne of Troy ?
 Giant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
 The martial monarch may refuse the prize :
 Sons he has many : those thy pride may quell ; 220
 And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
 Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
 Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land ?
 An ample forest, or a fair domain,
 Of hill for vines, and arable for grain ? 225
 Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
 But can Achilles be so soon forgot ?
 Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
 And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
 With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled, 230
 Nor, till he reach'd Lyrneffus, turn'd his head.
 Her lofty walls not long our progress staid ;
 Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid :

In Grecian chains her captive race were cast ;

'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast. 235

Defrauded of my conquest once before,

What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.

Go ; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening fate ;

• Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

• To this Anchises' son : Such words employ 240

To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy ;

Such we disdain ; the best may be defy'd

With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride ;

Unworthy the high race from which we came,

Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame : 245

Each from illustrious fathers draws his line ;

Each Goddess-born ; half human, half divine.

Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies,

And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes :

For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend, 250

'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.

If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth

(A tale resounded through the spacious earth)

Hear how the glorious origin we prove

From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove : 255

Dardania's walls he rais'd ; for Ilion then

(The city since of many-languag'd men)

Was not. The natives were content to till

The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.

From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs, 260

The richest, once, of Asia's wealthy kings ;

Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,

Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.

Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane, 265
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
 And couis'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead :
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
 These, lightly skimming when they swept the plain, 270
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain ;
 And when along the level seas they flew,
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew ;
 Such Erichthonius was . from him there came
 The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name. 275
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
 Ilus, Assaracas, and Ganymed :
 The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair.
 Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air
 To bear the cup of Jove (athereal guest, 280
 The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast).
 The two remaining sons the line divide :
 First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side ;
 From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
 And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold :) 285
 Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair ;
 And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
 From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
 Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
 Such is our race : 'tis Fortune gives us birth, 290
 But Jove alone endues the soul with worth :
 He, source of power and might ! with boundless sway,
 All human courage gives, or takes away.
 Long

Long in the field of words we may contend,
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end, 295
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
 (So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
 Wounded, we wound ; and neither side can fail,
 For every man has equal strength to rail :
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar, 300
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war ;
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the croud,
 And vent their anger impotent and loud.
 Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
 Is not to question, but to prove, our might. 305
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
 Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.

He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
 Far on his out-stretch'd arm, Pelides held 310
 (To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,
 That trembled as it stuck ; nor void of fear
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain ; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms. 315
 Through two strong plates the point its passage held,
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
 Five plates of various metal, various mold,
 Compos'd the shield ; of brass each outward fold, }
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold : 320 }
 There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
 The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
 And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
 Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound :

Through

Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides, 325
 And the slight covering of expanded hides.
 Æneas his contracted body bends,
 And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
 Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
 And at his back perceives the quivering spear: 330
 A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
 And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
 Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
 Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
 Æneas, rousing as the foe came on 335
 (With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
 A mass enormous! which in modern days
 No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.
 But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
 Saw the distress, and mov'd the Powers around. 340
 Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
 An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
 By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has bestow'd
 His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
 And can ye see this righteous chief atone, 345
 With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
 To all the Gods his constant vows were paid:
 Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
 Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
 The future Father of the Dardan line. 350
 The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
 And still his love descends on all the race;
 For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
 At length are odious to th' all-seeing Mind;

On great Æneas shall devolve the reign, 355
 And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.
 The great Earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
 Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes:
 Good as he is, to immolate or spare
 The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care; 360
 Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
 Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
 Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
 Or save one member of the sinking state;
 Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore, 365
 And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of Ocean to the fight descends,
 Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
 Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
 And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes. 370
 From great Æneas shield the spear he drew,
 And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
 That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
 The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
 Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads 375
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
 Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
 Where the slow Caucas close the rear of fight.
 The Godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
 With words like these the panting chief address'd: 380

What Power, O prince, with force inferior far,
 Urg'd thee to meet Achilles arm in war?
 Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
 Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.

But when the day decreed (for come it must) 385
 Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
 Let then the furies of that arm be known,
 Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
 Then from Achilles chac'd the mist away : 390
 Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
 The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
 Then thus amaz'd : What wonders strike my mind !
 My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
 Laid here before me ! and the Dardan lord, 395
 That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword !
 I thought alone with mortals to contend,
 But Powers cœlestial sure this foe defend.
 Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
 Content, for once, with all his Gods, to fly. 400
 Now then let others bleed—This said, aloud
 He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
 O Greeks (he cries, and every rank alarms)
 Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms !
 'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the Sky, 405
 To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly :
 No God can singly such a host engage,
 Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
 But whatfoe'er Achilles can inspire,
 Whate'er of active force, or acting fire : 410
 Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey ;
 All, all Achilles, Greeks ! is yours to-day.
 Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
 And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He

He said: nor less elate with martial joy, 415
 The God-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
 Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
 Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
 Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words
 Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords: 420
 The weakest Atheist-wretch all Heaven defies,
 But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
 Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
 Not though his heart were steel, his hand were fire;
 That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand, 425
 And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said;
 A wood of lances rises round his head,
 Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
 They join, they throng, they thicken to the war. 430
 But Phœbus warns him from high heaven to shun
 The single fight with Thetis' God-like son;
 More safe to combat in the mingled band,
 Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand,
 He hears obedient to the God of Light, 435
 And, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
 On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
 First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
 Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led; 440
 From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
 His mother was a Naiad of the flood;
 Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
 From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.

Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides; 445
 The parted visage falls on equal sides:
 With loud-refounding arms he strikes the plain;
 While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain :

Lie there, Otryntides ! the Trojan earth
 Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth; 450
 Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
 And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 Are thine no more—Th' insulting hero said,
 And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
 The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore, 455
 And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
 Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
 Th' impatient steel, with full-descending sway,
 Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way; 460
 Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
 And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
 This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
 Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight :
 The lance arrests him : an ignoble wound 465
 The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
 He groans away his soul : not louder roars,
 At Neptune's shrine on Helicé's high shores,
 The victim bull : the rocks rebellow round,
 And Ocean listens to the grateful sound, 470
 Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
 The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
 (Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass);
 Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.

To the forbidden field he takes his flight 475
 In the first folly of a youthful knight,
 To vaunt his swiftness, wheels around the plain,
 But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
 Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
 And golden rings the double back-plate join'd: 480
 Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel;
 And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
 The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
 His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
 When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore, 485
 Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore,
 A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
 His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight,
 Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
 And shook his javelin like a waving flame. 490
 The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,
 His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
 And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
 The man, that slew Achilles, in his friend!
 No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear 495
 Turn from each other in the walks of war—
 Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er:
 Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.
 Hector, undaunted, thus: Such words employ
 To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy: 500
 Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
 Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
 I know thy force to mine superior far;
 But Heaven alone confers success in war:

Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart, 505
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance. but Pallas' heavenly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death,
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies. 510

Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow :
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart, 515
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart :
The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud ;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud :

Wretch ! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light. 520
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any Power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then, inglorious ! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain : 525
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd through the neck : he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief ! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made. 530

Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy fire ;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world ;

This difference only their sad fates afford, 535
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpity'd young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own! 540
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!

While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
'The ruthless faulchion ope'd his tender side;
'The panting liver pours a flood of gore, 545
'That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Through Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear,
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
'Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves,
Deep through the front the ponderous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight, 555
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies. 560

Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
{The son of Pireus, an illustrious name}
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends:

The squire, who saw expiring on the ground 565
 His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
 His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
 And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
 As when a flame the winding valley fills,
 And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills; 570
 Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
 Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
 This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
 So sweeps the hero through the waisted shores:
 Around him wide, immense destruction pours, 575
 And earth is delug'd with the sanguine showers.
 As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
 And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
 When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
 The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
 So the fierce couriers, as the chariot rolls,
 Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.
 Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
 Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
 The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore; 585
 And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
 All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
 Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
 Such is the lust of never-dying fame! 590

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

A R G U M E N T.

The Battle in the River Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus, and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander, at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K XXI.

AND now to Xanthus gliding stream they drove,
 Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
 The river here divides the flying train,
 Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
 Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight: 5
 Now chac'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
 (These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
 And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
 Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores: 10
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound:
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
 The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd. }
 As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire; 15
 Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
 The clustering legions rush into the flood:
 So, plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.

His

His bloody lance the hero casts aside 20
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide);
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound; 25
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge Dolphin tempesting the main, 30
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land; 35
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood, 40
The young Lycaon in his passage stood,
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a fycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel); 45
To Lemnos isle he fold the royal slave,
Where Jafon's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Ariëte bore.

Ten days were past, since in his father's reign 50
 He felt the sweets of liberty again ;
 The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand ;
 Now never to return ! and doom'd to go
 'A sadder journey to the shades below. 55
 His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
 His useless lance and unavailing shield)
 As, trembling, panting, from the stream he fled, 60
 And knock'd his faltering knees, the hero said :
 ' Ye mighty Gods ! what wonders strike my view !
 Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue ?
 Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field : 65
 As now the captive, whom so late I bound
 And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground !
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
 That bar such numbers from their native plain :
 Lo ! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear ! 70
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer ;
 If earth at length this active prince can seize,
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he spake, the Trojan pale with fears
 Approach'd, and fought his knees with suppliant tears ;
 Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
 And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
 Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound ;
 He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground :

And while, above, the spear suspended stood, 80
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
 One hand embrac'd them close, one stop'd the dart,
 While thus these melting words attempt his heart :

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
 Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee. 85
 Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
 Who shai'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
 Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
 Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
 A hundred oxen were his price that day, 90
 Now fums immense thy mercy shall repay.

Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
 And scarce twelve morning fums have seen me here;
 Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
 Again, her victim cruel Fate demands! 95
 I sprung from Priam and Laothoe fair
 (Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
 Who held in Pedafus his fam'd abode,
 And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd):

Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore: 100 }
 For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.

How from that arm of terrour shall I fly?
 Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
 If every yet soft pity touch'd thy mind, 105
 Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
 With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.

These words, attended with a shower of tears,
 The youth address'd to unrelenting ears; 111
 Talk

Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies :
 In vain a single Trojan sues for grace ;
 But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
 Die then, my friend ! what boots it to deplore ? 115
 'The great, the good Patroclus is no more !
 He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
 " And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?"
 Seest thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
 Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born ; 120
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
 By night or day, by force or by design,
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.
 Die then—he said : and, as the word he spoke, 125
 The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke :
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear :
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear ;
 Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade. 130
 Prone fell the youth ; and, panting on the land,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand ;
 The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
 And thus insults him, floating on the wave :
 Lie there, Lycaon ! let the fish surround 135
 Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound :
 There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
 But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
 Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
 To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. 140
 So

So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
 Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
 What boots you now Scamander's worship'd stream,
 His earthly honours, and immortal name?
 In vain your immolated bulls are slain, 145
 Your living courfers glut his gulphs in vain:
 Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
 Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is compleat;
 Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
 And the short absence of Achilles paid. 150

These boastful words provoke the raging God;
 With fury swells the violated flood.
 What means divine may yet the Power employ,
 To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
 Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare 155
 The great Afteropeus to mortal war;
 The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
 Flows from the source of Axis, stream divine!
 (Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
 With all his reflux waters circled round). 160
 On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
 And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
 The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
 T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
 Near as they drew, Achilles thus began: 165

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the fire
 Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
 (Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?

From rich Præonia's valleys I command,
 Arm'd with portended spears, my native band ;
 Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
 In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
 Axios, who swells with all the neighbouring rills, 175
 And wide around the floated region fills,
 Begot my fire, whose spear such glory won:
 Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son !

Threatening he said : the hostile chiefs advance ;
 At once Asteropeas discharg'd each lance 180
 (For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
 One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield ;
 One raz'd Achilles' hand ; the spouting blood
 Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
 Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies : 185
 Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies ;
 Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd ; and quiver'd there.
 Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
 And on his foe with doubled fury flew. 190
 The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood ;
 Repulsive of his might the weapon stood :
 The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain ;
 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain ;
 His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, 195
 The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
 Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
 And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies :
 While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
 His radiant armour tearing from the dead : 200

So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny? 205
 Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
 The race of these superior far to those,
 As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son, 210
 Ev'n Achelous might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.
 Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
 The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear, 215
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said; then from the bank his javelin tore,
 And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
 The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
 And beat against it, wave succeeding wave; 220
 Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
 Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
 All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
 Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
 He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225
 Thraſius, Aſttypylus, and Mneſius ſlew;
 Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
 And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
 But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
 Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound: 230

O first

O first of mortals ! (for the Gods are thine)
 In valour matchless, and in force divine !
 If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
 See ! my chok'd streams no more their course can keep ;
 Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
 Turn, then, impetuous ! from our injur'd flood ;
 Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.

In human form confess'd before his eyes,
 The river thus ; and thus the chief replies : 240
 O sacred stream ! thy word we shall obey ;
 But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay :
 Not till within her towers the perjurd train
 Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again :
 Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall, 245
 Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.

He said ; and drove with fury on the foe.
 Then to the Godhead of the silver bow
 The yellow flood began : O Son of Jove !
 Was not the mandate of the Sire above 250
 Full and express ? that Phœbus should employ
 His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
 And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall .
 In awful darkness hide the face of all ?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
 Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way .
 Then, rising in his rage above the shores,
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
 Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost .

While all before, the billows rang'd on high
 (A watery bulwark) skreen the bands who fly.
 Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
 The falling delugewhelms the hero round :
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide; 265
 His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,
 Sliddering, and staggering. On the border flood
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood ;
 He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay ;
 The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave, 270
 Heaving the bank, and undermining all ;
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood across : the hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand, 275
 Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
 Then blacken'd the wild waves ; the murmur rose ;
 The God pursues, a huger billow throws,
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy. 280
 He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' aerial race)
 Far as a spear can fly ; Achilles springs
 At every bound ; his clanging armour rings :
 Now here, now there, he turns on every side, 285
 And winds his course before the following tide ;
 The waves flow after, wherefoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So, when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs, 290
 And

And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills, 295
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
 Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies: 300
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
 So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread, 305
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wast'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil: 310
 When thus (his eyes on heaven's expanse thrown)
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:

Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
 No Power t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date, 315
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.
 Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
 By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.

Oh! had I died in fields of battle wain,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
 Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate, 325
 Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase, to the sea. }
 ' Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief, 330
 And thus in human form address the chief.
 'The power of Ocean first: Forbear thy fear,
 O son of Peleus! Lo, thy Gods appear!
 Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid. 335
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
 But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
 Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all 340
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes. 345
 Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
 He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
 Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
 And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

High o'er the furling tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force. 355
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight, 360
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head. 365
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye,
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurld,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall ere his perish'd relics grace, 375
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:

At every step, before Achilles stood
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
 Fear touch'd the Queen of Heaven : she saw dismay'd,
 She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid : 385

Rise to the war ! th' insulting flood requires
 Thy wasteful arm : assemble all thy fires !
 While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
 Rush the swift eastern and the western wind .
 These from old Ocean at my word shall blow, 390
 Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
 Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
 Go, mighty in thy rage ! display thy power,
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour, 395
 Scorch all the banks ! and (till our voice reclaim)
 Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame !

The Power ignipotent her word obeys :
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze ;
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil, 400
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry :
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
 While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around. 405
 Swift on the sedge reeds the ruin preys ;
 Along the the margin winds the running blaze :
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
 The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire ; 410
 The watery willows hush before the fire.

Now

Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death :
Now flounce aloft, now dive, the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky. 415
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said :

Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?

I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—

I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree; 420

Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;

The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.

As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,

To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice, 425

Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires

The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires :

So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,

And, chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.

To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air, 430

The burning river sends his earned prayer :

Ah, why, Saturnia! must thy son engage

Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?

On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,

For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy. 435

Submissive I desist, if thou command;

But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.

Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate

Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd fate,

Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame, 440

And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.

His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear :
 She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
 Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
 Infest a God : th' obedient flame withdraws : 445
 Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
 And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
 The warring Gods in fierce contention join :
 Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms ; 450
 With horrid clangor shock'd th' ætherial arms :
 Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound ;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
 Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes. 455
 The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
 And first assaults the radiant Queen of War :

What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
 Ætherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight ?
 What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood 460
 Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God ?
 Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
 And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
 Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field ; 465
 The adamantine ægis of her fire,
 That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
 Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
 There fix'd from eldest times ; black, craggy, vast :
 'This at the heavenly homicide she cast.

Thundering

Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
 And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
 The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
 Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound: 475
 The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
 And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:

Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
 How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
 Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand, 480
 Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
 Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
 And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.

The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
 That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day, 485
 Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
 Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
 Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
 And, propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
 This the bright Empress of the heavens survey'd, 490
 And, scoffing, thus to War's victorious Maid:

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
 The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable Queen!
 Mark with what insolence, in open view,
 She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 495

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
 And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
 She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
 On earth together lay the lovers spread;
 And like these heroes, be the fate of all 500
 (Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!

To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygians be,
 So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
 Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
 Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd. 505

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
 The God of Ocean dares the God of Light:
 What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
 Ring with conflicting powers, and heaven returns the
 sound?

Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire, 510
 No deed perform'd, to our Olympian Sire?
 Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
 Suits not my greatness, or superior age:

Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
 (Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) 515 }
 And guard the race of proud Laomedon!

Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
 Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands)
 And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands: 520
 Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves

Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
 But when the circling seasons in their train
 Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain,
 With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd 525
 Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
 And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
 Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,
 And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 530

Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infect the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind, 535

Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun, now wither on the ground. 540
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior Power submits retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 545
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:

And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 550

Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking Power.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: What insolence has driven 555

Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heaven?
What though, by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,

The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart? 560

What

What though, tremendous in the wood and chace,
 Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
 How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
 Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
 Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage— 565
 She said, and seiz'd her whiffs with eager rage;
 These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
 The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.
 About her temples flies the busy bow;
 Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
 The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
 Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
 Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
 And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
 So, when the falcon wings her way above, 575
 To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
 (Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
 Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
 To her, Latona hastes with tender care,
 Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war: 580
 How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
 To him whose thunders blacken heaven with night?
 Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
 And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.
 He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 585
 Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
 That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
 Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
 Then swift pursued her to the blest abode,
 Where all-confus'd she sought the Sovereign God; 590
 Weeping

Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abash'd, she names his own Imperial spouse; 595
'And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:
The Guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial Sire,

Through blood, through death, Achilles full proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky: 610
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire dismay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight, 615
And the near hero rising on his fight!
No step, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face.
Fast as he could, he fighting quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls: 620

You,

You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
 Set wide your portals to the flying throng :
 For lo ! he comes, with unresisted sway ;
 He comes, and desolation marks his way !
 But when within the walls our troops take breath, 625
 Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
 Thus charg'd the reverend monarch : wide were flung
 The opening folds ; the sounding hinges rung,
 Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet ;
 Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat. 630
 On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
 And, gladsome, see their last escape from Fate.
 Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
 Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain :
 And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 635
 With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
 Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear ;
 Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
 And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd ; 640
 But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
 Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
 To young Agenor force divine he gave
 (Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave) ;
 In aid of him, beside the beach he fate, 645
 And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
 When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
 Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
 (So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll) ;
 He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul : 650

What,

: What, shall I fly this terrour of the plain?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain?
 Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
 Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
 No: with the common heap I scorn to fall— 655
 What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
 While I decline to yonder path, that leads
 To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
 So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
 From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood, 660
 As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
 Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
 What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?
 Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall, 665
 The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
 Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
 And such his valour, that who stands must die.
 Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
 Here, and in public view, to meet my fate. 670
 Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
 (Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
 One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
 And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.
 He said, and stood collected in his might; 675
 And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
 So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
 Rouz'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
 Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
 Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds; 680
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Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives the
pain ;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain :
On their whole war, untam'd, the savage flies ;

And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies,

Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir 685

Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,

Disdainful of retreat : high-held before,

His shield, (a broad circumference) he bore ;

Then, graceful, as he stood in act to throw

The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe : 690

How proud Achilles glories in his fame !

And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name

Beneath her ruins ! Know, that hope is vain ;

A thousand woes, a thousand toils, remain.

Parents and children our just arms employ, 695

And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.

Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore

These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said : with matchless force the javelin flung

Smote on his knee ; the hollow cushions rung 700

Beneath the pointed steel ; but safe from harms

He stands impassive in th' ætherial arms.

Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,

His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow :

But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds 705

The God-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.

Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,

Dismiss'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.

Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape,

Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape, 710

Flies

Flies from the furious chief in this disguise ;
'The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides :
The God, now distant scarce a stride before, 715
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore ;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy :
No stop, no stay ; no thought to ask, or tell,
Who scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell. 720
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight ;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright :
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate ;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.